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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. G. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year in advance.

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AFTER FORTY YEARS.

A Singular Meeting on Board a Lake Propeller.

"It was in the fall of '47 that three young fellows left Rochester for the West, determined to hew out their fortunes, or perish in the attempt," said one of a party of four or five, who were gathered in the cabin of a lake propellor, bound down, one stormy night. One or two of the number had stemmed the monotony and broken the ice towards a freer feeling by rehearsing some light anecdotes or reminiscences, when a gray-haired, rotund gentleman ventured as above. All attention was given him, and he then continued:

"As I was one of them I will be more personal and say that we were strong, well-built specimens of manhood and had any amount of grit; and we had also made up our minds to be fully independent of the world and of each other. We went together from Buffalo to Detroit by boat. Arriving at Detroit and spending a day or two in looking about, we then, after consultation, concluded to part company and each go in the direction he thought best.

"Before parting we agreed to return to our old home at Rochester in forty years, if our lives were spared. This was putting it a long ways ahead, but this was only another freak.

"Well, as before said, I am one of the three, and am now on my way to Rochester, in fulfillment of the agreement made. I don't know whether I shall see the others or not. I have never heard a word from either of them, and really do not know whether to think they are alive or dead."

While this was being said, a young man, who had been trying to read by the dim, flickering light, put aside his book and strained eagerly to catch every word uttered by the story-teller.

"It might, in view of this," continued the man of gray hairs, "be interesting to you, gentlemen, to have a brief sketch of what has happened to me since that time of my separation from my comrades—now almost forty years ago.

"Yes, yes, let us have it," they all cried.

The old gentleman moved himself into a more comfortable position, while the young man edged himself a little closer to the group.

"Well, I struck straight north. Took a boat for Mackinaw, and from there drifted to Green Bay, Wis. There was nothing of Green Bay then, but I saw some good land, and by wiggling around I managed to get hold of some of it. I then held on. It was pretty hard work sometimes, but I never let that land go, and, as a result, it is worth many thousands of Uncle Sam's big silver dollars. But that is only on one line, and is a little out of order. I started a little supply store in Green Bay when it first began to develop, and as I was having moderate success, I soon got me a wife.

"Well, we paddled along without much occurring, until one day a big fellow came into my store—said he was a 'lumberman—and ordered a heavy bill of goods. He then went out, and in a few hours returned considerably intoxicated and wanted to borrow $10. I, of course, could not let him have it, for I had not found time to look up who my customer was, and feared he might be trying to swindle me. Upon my refusing his request he became very much enraged, and commenced shooting at me with a big pistol he carried. In defense of myself I seized a loaded gun, that was standing in a corner, and, in the heat of the moment, I discharged it toward him, and was immediately horrified to see him fall and die at once.

"Well, to make a long story short, I was exonerated from all guilt by the authorities; and yet every little while I heard some one whisper and look or point toward me, and it made me feel very uneasy. So I finally decided to 'pull up stakes' and go farther West. About this time, however, I was drafted into the military service—the war had just begun—and went through the whole campaign, leaving behind those two fingers," holding up his hand for inspection, "and bringing out the long scar on the back of my head.

"I then went West again, picked up my family, and struck into the grazing district of Montana. I bought a few head of cattle at first, and, by care, I have been able to see these multiply, until now I have one of the largest and most successful cattle ranches in that section of country. I have seen all kinds of 'roughing it' out there, and may say that I have had many adventures of varied nature. I am now sixty-four years old and bid fair to see eighty-four, so far as my general bodily vigor is concerned.

"Such is, briefly, my life, and what it has done; and you don't know how anxious I am to learn of those other two young men—for I can only see them as young men—and to know the result of their forty-years' struggle."

This was told in an interesting and pleasant tone, and had just been finished, when the young man who had been listening so intently stepped forward, and addressing himself to the little old gentleman, said, politely:

"Excuse me, sir; but may I ask your name?"

"Certainly, sir—certainly," was replied, and the old gentleman gave his full name.

"Then, sir," said the young man, "I want to grasp your hand, for you are my father's old friend, and I am now on my way to Rochester to find a gentleman of your name and bearing your history."

"What!" exclaimed the old-timer, exhibiting great surprise; "you don't mean to say that you are the son of one of those two lost ones—one of the two associated with me in that freak of forty years ago?"

"Yes, sir," said the tall young fellow. "That is just what I mean."

"Well, well! Just step here where the light will show better. Yes, I see a distinct resemblance. You certainly look very much like that hearty young companion of mine forty years ago; very much, in fact, as I have almost expected to see him—though I know that over half a life-time has passed by. But your father—tell me of him at once," and the little old man began to get fidgety.

They relaxed their grasp of each others' hands and sat down together, while the others gave every attention.

"My father is dead," began the young man.

"What!" said the sire at his side.

"Yes, my father, and the companion of your younger days, is no more. He passed away four years ago, and on his dying bed he gave me the instructions I am now carrying out. It was the one wish of my father's latter life to be able to take the Eastern trip to Rochester to meet the other two members of that party you have told of. It was on his mind a great deal.

"When my father died he was one of the most prominent men on the Pacific slope. He had figured in all the great political events since 1860, and occupied many positions of public worth.

"He became early interested in the fisheries of the northern coast, and during a visit to those grounds was taken captive by a roving band of Indians and held for over a year. He finally succeeded in making his escape, but was in the mountains for months; at last, and by the merest chance, getting to the coast again, and so on back to San Francisco. He became a cashier in a bank, and while in this position married the daughter of the bank's president. It was not long after this before my father found himself president of the bank, which was the largest institution of its kind on the Pacific coast. It was then that my father began his public career, and he continued to rise in worldly station until his death came. I am now one of the officers of the bank of which my father was for years president, and have large and pressing interests to oversee, yet I have left all, for a time, for the sole purpose of following out the wishes—I may almost say the last wishes—of my father, relative to this trip to Rochester and the hunting up of the other two of that original little party of forty years ago. I have some mementoes with me that father put aside for those he expected to meet this year at Rochester, and now I am afraid that we will have to unite our powers in an effort to find No. 3 of the original party."

Just then a violent stamping was heard in one of the little state-rooms one side of where the narrators and their small body of listeners were seated. Then two or three sharp kicks came against the door, followed by:

"Consarn it! of I hadn't got sech infernal tight boots, jess t' go down to Rochester in, I wouldn't hev t' kick th' infernal legs off'n me when I wanted t' put them on."

Then there came a great bang, with a "Thar, by gol!"

Immediately thereafter a tall, slim, straight-haired old fellow opened the door of the room from which the noise had come, and, minus collar and with one trouser leg caught on the top of his boots, he stood there in the dim glare of the oscillating light, and looked with bewilderment towards the wondering ones about the table.

"Ken any of you fellers tell me of I've ben a dreamin'?" he inquired, after a moment or two had passed.

"I don't believe we can, uncle," said one of the number.

"Hev you fellers ben a tellin' yarns?" he again asked, without much attention to the answer he had just received.

The little old gentleman ventured to say that they had been considering some old-time events.

"Then I ain't ben dreamin'; I knowed I was awake. Say, which one of you was a tellin' thet last story?" he asked, and upon the young man acknowledging that he was the one, the old fellow said:

"Put 'er right thar, then, for I knowed your dad," then turning towards the group he inquired:

"Now, who was it that told th' first yarn 'bout those three chaps?"

The little old gentleman bobbed up, prepared, by his former surprise, to have almost any thing happen.

"Then," ejaculated the old fellow, his disheveled hair and sparkling eyes indicating much excitement, "I'll be clubbed and skinned fer a sneakin', wild-eyed rattlesnake, ef I ain't ther missin' link. I'm one of ther same crowd thet separated at Detroit away back thar in '47, an' I'm jest on my way—M'linder 'n I—down t' Rochester t' shake han's all eround ag'in. By ther great whale that eat up thet feller Job, but this is er coincedence."

After further expressions of surprise on the part of each, the tall old man was calmed down sufficiently to tell his story, which was follows:

"Wall, boys, I jest wont back a few miles, an' set right down on one hundred and sixty acres of as fine land as lays out doors; an' thar I've ben a settin' ever since, except when I was gettin' 'bout a clearin' off all th' timber, pullin' out th' stumps, an' fencin', an' buildin' house an' barns, an' doin' th' hundred things thet come in a feller's way on a farm. Of course, I got me a wife, an' she's right in thar now, a listenin' to every word I say. She's a smart woman, too, I want to tell you," said he, slyly winking at his hearers.

"Wall, as to happenin's of any sort of consequence, I guess we ain't hed none. I am a thorough mossback, ye see. Hev been one for forty year, an' know but little of any thing else.

"As to fortun', I hev thet farm, with all thet's on it; an' thet seems to be about all I ken handle. An' for thet matter, I don't know but what I hev all I really kere about. I've got ten boys an' six gals, an' of hed a million they wouldn't be satisfied. So, when I go, thar'll be only th' farm, an' thet won't be sech a great thing fer sixteen t' fight over. Otherwise I may say that the world hes used me tolerble well. I've never went t' bed hungry, as I kin remember, an' hev always hed a good shelter from th' storm. Take it all eround an' my story ain't very long, nor does it sparkle with ther diamon's of soul-stirrin' events; but I'll tell ye what ter do. We'll all go down an' look over ol' Rochester an' see of she hes any marks of familiarity; an' then adjourn back t' my farm, whar I'll regale ye with hard cider, apples, doughnuts an' grandchildren. An' I'll show ye what I've done in a forty-year time with genuine hard muscle."—Detroit Free Press.

Patent Agency Frauds.

Inventors frequently find themselves in a pit-fall dug for their class by swindlers who issue impressive circulars and profess to have extraordinary facilities at Washington for getting patents. The only extraordinary facilities the rascals have are for grabbing the money of their victims and eluding the police by cropping up under a new company name the moment the old one becomes too notorious.

General Grant's Widow.

Mrs. U. S. Grant leads a very quiet life in New York. Her eyesight has become poor and she seldom appears in public except to drive in the park. General Sherman is a frequent and welcome visitor.

THE SMALL BOYS BEHIND.

And blare, and boom and beat,
The biz procession marches,
Through the lane of applause, through the shouting street,
And under the towering arches;
They march as grand as a conquering host,
With many a plume and banner,
As Sherman's army marched to the coast,
And into the streets of Savannah.
And the sun that glints from their helmets bright
Will dazzle, and gleam, and blind,
But there follows them, like a string to a kite,
The small boys who tag on behind.
The small boys who tag on behind, the small boys who tag on behind.
The best of the show, I would have you all know,
Is the small boys who tag on behind!

A rabble that wobbles and tumbles about
Like bummers who bring up the rear,
They jostle and giggle and quarrel and shout
And hoot and jangle and jeer;
But I watch for the glad ragamuffin parade,
For the brave little barefooted bummers,
And I leave the fifers and drummers,
And I leave the fifers and drummers.
March on, my lads, for the route is long,
And the way is hard to find.
There's a long march ahead for the brave and strong,
And small boys who tag on behind.
The small boys who tag on behind, the small boys who tag on behind.
Long, long must you tread, through the grim days ahead,
You small boys who tag on behind.

—S. W. Foss, in Yankee Blade.

WHERE WAS MR. BLANK?

His Absence Causes His Wife Much Trouble.

Pretty Mrs. Blank had a very unpleasant experience in Bay Grove, N. J., and it was all due to a mistake.

When she moved herself and her baby and her pug and her other household goods to Jersey, along in the spring, the villagers seemed to be ready to take her to their arms and their hearts. They gave her teas, they showed her all the show sights of the neighborhood, they posted her on the proper church to attend and the proper people to know. They almost gave a dinner in her honor, and that is something that had not been even dreamed of since an unfortunate affair of several years back, when a heartless detective had appeared at a feast and had carried away with him one who for a brief month had all Bay Grove at his feet. It was the remembrance of that touching incident that made people hesitate, and by their hesitating Mrs. Blank lost the dinner.

She was bright, her maid's caps were irreproachable, what flirting she did was artistic enough to be pleasant to look upon. But it was seldom that Mrs. Blank was artistic in that way, and therefore she was popular with matrons and maids. The men liked her, too, and all went merry as a marriage bell for many a day and until somebody ill-naturedly asked a question.

"Where is Mr. Blank and who is he?" queried this busybody.

Nobody but Mrs. Blank could answer this, and she didn't volunteer any information on the subject. So gossip, having nothing to feed upon, grew rapidly, as is generally the way, and in a week Bay Grove began to believe that something must be very wrong somewhere. Now it happened that Mrs. Blank had brought one letter of introduction to Bay Grove. This epistle had been hurriedly penned by a young woman about to take a flight to Europe, and, under the scrutiny of a female committee of investigation, it appeared to lack satisfactory details about the nominal head of the Blank family.

"I do so hope you will like Mrs. B," it ran. "She can see so little of her husband, you know, that it will be very dull for her out there unless you look after her a bit. I think she frets over her husband sometimes, but how can it be helped now? But then she has—"

And here the writer drifted into matters that were never intended for the public eye. When the letter was received the sentences about the husband had attracted no attention; but now, with suspicion resting heavily upon them, the committee women agreed that something must be very, very wrong with Mrs. Blank's spouse. It came about therefore, that Mrs. Blank was soon put to the question.

"When are we to see your husband?" asked one of her friends in a guileless way.

Mrs. Blank pouted. "Really, I don't know," she said. "He is in Auburn now with that poor wretch Kemmler, I believe."

Auburn happens to contain a prison. Kemmler was then in that prison. It is not difficult to put one and one together and get a dozen, if you are in a proper frame of mind for the achievement. So it happened that when Mrs. Blank entered church the next day there was a rustle of silk all through the pews and with it a general feeling that the sermon should deal with hypocrisy. But it didn't. It was devoted to mercy. Which only goes to show that preachers are not always in touch with their congregations.

When Mrs. Blank joined the group in the vestibule after the services, the church thermometer hanging there dropped half a dozen degrees. Nobody quite cut her—the sermon had been really a good one—but the social atmosphere was full of little icicles. Mrs. Blank went home alone, wondering what was the matter.

The next day one of her closest friends called upon her. Just as she visitor was departing she indulged in a sort of spoken postscript, saving the important part of her business for the last, just as if she were writing a letter.

"How is Mr. Blank?" she queried.

"He has been sent to Elmira," was the answer.

As there is a reformatory in Elmira, this proved to be a very unfortunate response. Bay Grove posted itself on New York's penal institutions, and the next day three acquaintances of Mrs. Blank failed to see her on the street. Nobody called, and her name did not appear on the list of patronesses of a strawberry festival the village was pledged to make a glorious success. She attended the festivities and was greatly puzzled by her treatment. Everybody seemed to shun her except one young man who was popularly understood to have gone very wrong in a big wholesale store in the city. He had never paid her much attention before, but now he treated her like a friend and a sister.

Finally there came another caller at the Blank cottage. She came up like one bent on business that is distasteful but must be done. She was, by the way, the person to whom the letter had been addressed.

"My dear," she said, without parley, "where is your husband?"

"Why, he has gone to Sing Sing," replied the hostess, wondering at her caller's manner. She was still more surprised at what she heard next.

"When I was a girl we were taught to be truthful above all things. You are younger than I, and perhaps times have changed; but I prefer that my daughter should not meet you after this."

And then she swept away, full of dignity, to lay before Bay Grove the problem how any one man, no matter how wicked he might be, could be in Auburn, Elmira and Sing Sing within a month. As for Mrs. Blank, she was very indignant, and then she wept, and then she was indignant again. Then she wrote a letter.

The letter brought an answer in the shape of a young man in a slouch hat, who came down by a late train and went directly to the Blank cottage. He sat with Mrs. Blank on the piazza, and they talked earnestly for a long time. It was nearly midnight when the conference ended. Then the young man started for the gate. Mrs. Blank followed him, and they stood talking together by the post for two or three minutes. It was a beautiful, clear moonlight night, and anybody in the neighborhood could have seen the young man kiss Mrs. Blank when he went away. He caught a very late train for the city.

Now nobody in Bay Grove would willingly play the eavesdropper or the spy. That goes without saying. But, as a matter of fact, several pairs of eyes saw the parting in the moonlight, and a many pairs of ears heard the man say:

"Well, dear, I'll be down here in a week, and then it won't matter what these people say or do."

A pretty woman, with a husband in three jails in a month and a mysterious midnight visitor! Bay Grove was scandalized. There could be no doubt after that that nobody in the village knew the offender. She seemed to have gained invisibility. Nobody saw her when she went out; at least, nobody give any sign of seeing her. Even the scapegrace gave her up—which meant a great deal, for he believed that he had only his wickedness to pride himself upon.

Six days passed and a caller again rang the door-bell at the cottage. He noticed with a shudder that the wire seemed to be getting rusty for want of use. That touched him, for he was the landlord and he hated to see the property depreciate. He had come to tell his pretty tenant that she must seek other quarters. She paid the rent regularly, but pressure had been brought to bear upon him—and his family had social aspirations, and he couldn't afford to disregard pressure.

He stammered, but was firm. Mrs. Blank was amazed, but loquacious. He explained that the cottage must be vacated at once. She declared that such a proceeding was unheard of. She tried to break down his resolution, but failed. Then she showed signs of getting hysterical.

"Oh, if my husband were only here!" she wailed.

"Yes, madam, if he were, but he ain't." That was as near to sarcasm as the landlord ever came. He was a philanthropist by nature and a preserver of the village morality by necessity.

"Hallo, what's all this?" said somebody in the doorway. Landlord and tenant turned like a flash. Mrs. Blank gave a shriek of delight and threw herself into the newcomer's arms. The landlord looked disgusted. He merely saw a young man in a slouch hat, no doubt the midnight visitor.

"I think you had better go as soon as you can, both of you."

"Well, that's cool. I've paid the rent of this house and I mean to stay, especially as it suits my wife, or did until the neighbors went crazy." This was from the young man.

The landlord looked dazed. "Your wife?" he said. "Why, then, you're her husband?"

"Naturally," said the young man, dryly. "And now," he added, "what's all this to-do about, any way?"

He heard all about it in the next ten minutes, although it was a sadly disconnected story. Still he got the gist of it pretty clearly. Then he addressed the landlord:

"Look here; you don't deserve an explanation, but I'll give you one. My business is to see things and to write about them. I have been employed by a magazine to describe certain features of prison life in New York. To see them I have had to study the prisons carefully, and it has taken six weeks of hard work. In that time I've had just time enough to spend one evening at home and then hurry back to work. And now I come down here for a rest and find that you people have gone mad and treated my wife disgracefully. Somebody is going to smart for this."

As a matter of fact, a good many persons did smart, but only mentally, and, therefore, they survived and were anxious to make amends. The landlord withdrew his demand, and agreed to put in a new well-curb. Those who knew him say he suffered enough over this to atone for all he had done. Then came flocks of feminine visitors to the cottage, full of tears and explanations and contrition. The Blanks had determined to go away, but these good people couldn't hear of it. They showered the cottagers with attentions, and then they did something that settled it that the Blanks would continue in Bay Grove. They played their trump card. They gave Mrs. Blank a dinner, and Mr. Blank's determination to depart gave way. He and his wife are the pride of Bay Grove now.—N. Y. Times.

Co-Operation by Wage-Earners.

Twelve young ladies of Indianapolis, employed in stores and offices, have rented a suite of twelve rooms and are living on the Bellamy plan. Each pays into the treasury $3 per week, and a cook is employed to prepare meals. In addition each is assessed 25 cents for a contingent fund, which is held to meet unusual expenses. The young ladies room in couples, and each week two of them are appointed purveyors. The only time they are all together is at supper, but they are contented and enjoy their way of living.

The Cost of War.

Of wars within the last half century the cost has been as follows:

France and Algeria, 1830-47	$190,000,000
France and Austria, 1859	250,000,000
Two European revolution in 1848	50,000,000
Prussia and Austria, in 1866	100,000,000
Our civil war, 1861-65	3,750,000,000
France and Mexico, 1863	75,000,000
Brazil and Paraguay, 1864-70	200,000,000
France and Germany, 1870-71	1,500,000,000

FIRING AN ENGINE.

Some of the Hardships of a Locomotive Fireman's Life.

His Lot Is Not as Easy as Many Believe—The Amount of Fuel Required to Keep an Iron Horse Going—Coal Must Be Supplied Very Carefully.

"If people only knew the hardships of a fireman's life," said one of the local leaders of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to a Chicago Evening Post reporter, "they would not be so apt to wonder that the men want to strike once in awhile to better their circumstances. Their lot at the best is a hard one, and the pay is poor when the skill required to be a fireman, the severity of the work and the constant strain to which the men are subjected are taken into account. Many people, probably a majority, consider that the fireman's work is not skilled labor, but this opinion arises from ignorance of the requirements of the calling. An unskilled fireman could no more fire a locomotive on the road so as to keep up steam steadily and enable the engineer to make good time than he could build the locomotive. Take a green hand and put him on a passenger train, for instance, and the chances are that the passengers will turn out and mob the whole train's crew before the trip is half through. The likelihood is that the train will come to a dead stop half a dozen times before the trip is ended, and while the train is running it will be making such miserable progress that all on board will have their patience exhausted and be driven almost to distraction over the way in which their valuable time is being frittered away. Firemen have to serve a regular apprenticeship to the work. They generally begin as cleaners in the round-house, where they are put to clean the locomotives after they come in from a long trip. In that way they get an acquaintance with the several parts of the engine and how and where they should be oiled when running. Their next step is on a switch engine in the yards, where they learn how to fire an engine so as to raise steam rapidly and keep up a constant supply. This requires a good deal of practice. It is the easiest thing in the world to fire your engine in such a way that though you have a big fire in it it will not be of the kind to make steam. Too much coal is often as bad as too little. If the fire is too heavy and burns too slowly, the inevitable consequence will be the lowering of the supply of steam to such an extent that there will not be enough to keep the train running. If any kind of a fire would do, the fireman's lot would be an easy one. He could then fire up, sit down comfortably in the cab and take it easy until the fire burns out. As it is, he has to keep firing steadily, adding fresh fuel to the flames at intervals of not more than two minutes, so that while he is on a run he hardly knows what it is to have a chance to straighten his back. He is constantly clambering half-bent from the box to the gangway and from the gangway to the box, manipulating a heavy scoopful of coal, and all this time he has got to keep a lookout ahead, for it is his duty to watch out for danger as much as it is that of the engineer. In a fifteen hours' trip he will often shovel as many as ten tons of coal. Some heavy passenger locomotives eat up about three-quarters of a ton every hour they run.

"An ordinary fire is four or five scoopfuls, and it must be put in the fire box just so or there will be trouble. The fire box of a locomotive is a peculiar piece of workmanship and it requires to be thoroughly understood before it can be fed in such a way as to keep things running smoothly. It is from six to ten feet in length, according to the size of the locomotive, and four or five feet wide. The grate is composed of movable bars so placed as to provide for ventilation at the sides and ends. If you have ever watched a fireman putting in coal you may have noticed that he hardly ever pitches it in straight. He turns his shovel now to this side and then to that, now to this end and then to that, and it is only once in awhile that a shovelful goes straight to the center. The reason for that is that he does not want to put the coal where it will interfere with the ventilation of the grate or in such a way as will cause it to cake. A steady burning and at the same time roaring fire is what is required, and every thing depends on the way in which the fuel is fed to it. The amount of steam required to run an ordinary passenger engine is 135 pounds, and the aim of the expert fireman is to keep it at that figure constantly from the time he starts out on his trip till he is on the last mile of his run, when he will gradually let it fall so that, when he reaches the final stopping place, there will be just about enough left to run the engine to the round-house, that none of it may go to waste. That is another matter the fireman has to look to, or he will get hauled over the coals by his superiors. He must be as economical of fuel as possible. The inexperienced fireman will use up far more fuel than his more expert brother and have no better results for it. He must keep his fire so that all the heat will go to the flues, and that no cold air entering the fire-box can get to them until it has been thoroughly heated and rendered incapable of cooling them off. His fire is not the only thing that the fireman has got to attend to, however. In the short intervals between his firing up he must assist the engineer in keeping the engine thoroughly oiled. When there is no automatic bell he must keep the bell ringing while approaching all crossings and all stations."

How Some Kings Died.

Some kings have died in mean fashion, pallidamors assuming the shape of indigestion. Did not a dish of lampreys kill Henry I.? and was not overeating fatal to George I.? "Pallid death pressing upon him," as Thackeray says: "in his traveling chariot on the Hanover road. What postillon can outride that pale horseman?" Both Frederick III., Emperor of Germany, and his son, Maximilian I., died through excessive indulgence in melons; Baldwin IV., King of Jerusalem, died of leprosy; Phillip III., of Spain, of the etiquette which left him to be roasted before a flaming brazier because the official could not be found whose special function it was to remove it, and Stanislas Leczinski, King of Poland, of the terrible burns he received through his dressing-gown accidentally taking fire.

A DREADFUL CHILD.

Asleep It's All Right, but Awake It Becomes a Kitten.

A Strange Tale Reported from Columbia County, N. Y.—It May Be True, but It Reads Very Much Like a Base Fabrication.

An eldritch tale, worthy of the darkest and palmiest days of the middle ages, comes from the little hamlet of Pomposnik, up in Columbia County, where a child is said to have been born of late which defies competition, even though, fortunately, it does not belie description, says the New York Times. While asleep or at rest it appears to differ in no respect from the ordinary fortnight-old baby of commerce. As it slumbers peacefully in its cradle with its breast rising and falling as gently and regularly as possible, any feeling woman would bless its little heart and look upon it with delight and that fluttering sentiment, not unakin to awe, with which the entire female world regard any newly-arrived traveler from the other world—providing, of course, the traveler be not a ghost, and, therefore, does not come from the wrong side of life. A baby is one thing and a ghost is another, although doubtless both are equally mysterious, and it is quite certain that both invariably dress all in white. The tones of their voices and their general manner of expressing themselves, the ability of the one to walk while the other seems able only to kick and wriggle, easily mark the essential distinction between them. There are doubtless other peculiarities which will enable almost any woman to tell at a glance whether a particular object is a ghost or a baby, although those peculiarities might not readily find accurate definition even at the hands of a woman of most unusual discernment and profound sagacity.

As has already been remarked, the Columbia County child, when asleep or at rest, seems, even to the female eye and heart, to be nothing but a baby. Its complexion, perhaps is not all that could be desired; there is a slight suspicion of incongruity—a certain disparity of proportions—between the molding of its nose and that of its upper lip, and there is a paucity of hair, or rather of fuzz, on its head, and these things can hardly fail to produce a painful impression upon the mind of any unprejudiced observer, just as they do in all cases in which very young infants are involved. At all events, every woman who sees it sleeping and who is not acquainted with the little peculiarities it exhibits in its waking moments declares that it is simply a lovely, little, precious darling—which it isn't by any means.

For when, rousing from its slumbers, it opens its bright eyes upon the world, it neither lies still nor begins to wail like an ordinary baby of its age. Rather does it assume at once the character of a little kitten, climbs over the side of the cradle in a jiffy, and, if left in undisturbed possession of itself, sets about to have a lively frolic, in which one of its legs does for it duties similar to those which a kitten's tail sometimes does for the kitten. While engaged in this sort of exercise it will tumble head over head and roll about on the floor like any ball, and doing itself no more harm than if it were a gutta-percha child. If a spool or some small object of the kind be thrown to it, this uncanny babe will toss it about, boxing it now with one tiny hand and now with the other, picking it up with its toes and throwing it over its head, and scampering about as fully acquainted with the relations of the minor things of this world as a cat of its age would be. Its arms are very strong, and its hands have so good a grip that it can pull itself up a rope and clamber to the top of a bedpost, where it will sit for some time calmly surveying the spectators with an air of sagacity appalling to behold in one so young. It is, of course, impossible to give any satisfactory explanation of the singular conduct of this interesting babe, although, undoubtedly, mere perversity and nature's love for freaks has something to do with the matter.

UNCLE SAM'S CLOCKS.

What It Costs the Government to Wind and Set Its Time-Pieces.

It costs Uncle Sam thousands of dollars a year to have his clocks wound, says the Omaha World-Herald. Every Monday morning you see young men going about the departments carrying little ladders, like those used by lamplighters. Their business is to wind and keep in order the clocks in the departments. Each man has his own department or a section of the department to look after the clocks and this is his sole business. In some places men are employed by the month for this purpose, while in other cases the contract is let by the month or year to some enterprising clock repairer, who sends a "journeyman" around to wind the clocks and see whether they are in order and then goes himself to make such repairs as are necessary. The cost of winding and caring for the clocks in the departments runs at the rate of $75 to $100 a month in each department. There are in the Treasury Department nearly 400 clocks. Some of these are expensive ones and cost away up in the hundreds of dollars, though the average value of departmental clocks is not more than perhaps $15 or $20 apiece. A good many of the clocks in the halls of the public buildings and also those in the rooms occupied by the heads of the departments are very valuable, costing away up in the hundreds.

Some Excellent Maxims.

Keep up your spirits by good thoughts. Enjoy the pleasant company of your best friends, but in all enjoyments be temperate. Learn the art to be preferred before all others, of being happy when alone—which consists in the encouragement of good hopes and rational pursuits—in leading an industrious life, and in having constantly before you some object of attainment. In your converse with the world, be ever careful, for the sake of peace, to speak ill of no one, to treat your known enemy with civility, and to shut your ears against evil reports of all kinds.—N. Y. Ledger.

Probably a Failure.

Smith—Jones didn't make much of a success with that patent scheme of his, did he?

Brown—No, I guess not. He still lives in Brooklyn.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - OCT. 24, 1890.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor,
ROBERT E. PATTISON, of Philadelphia.
For Lieutenant Governor,
CHAUNCEY F. BLACK, of York.
For Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM H. BARCLAY, of Allegheny.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
THOMAS H. GREEVY,
Subject to the decision of Democratic conference.
For Assembly,
M. FITZHARRIS, of Gallitzin.
EDWARD T. McNEELIS, of Johnstown.
For Treasurer,
CHARLES J. MAYER, of Johnstown.
For Commissioners,
PATRICK E. DILLON, of Elder Twp.
JOHN KIRBY, of Johnstown.
For Auditors,
WILLIAM C. BERRY, of Wilmore.
JOSEPH HIPPS, of Chest Twp.
For Poor House Director,
S. W. MILLER, of Johnstown.

JUDGE STONEMAN, one of the superior court has decided that the Iowa prohibitory law is null and void, as far as the sale of original packages is concerned.

JAMES McMANES, the stalwart Republican leader of Philadelphia, has come out flatly for Pattison. He is a politician in every sense of the term, nevertheless, he knows an honest man when he sees him.

GOV WM. E. CAMERON, of Virginia, well known as one of the most prominent Republicans of his State, is out in a strong letter denouncing recent legislation of the Republican party, and renouncing all allegiance to that party.

THE regular monthly meeting of the Board of Pardons, which was to have been held Oct. 21, has been postponed until Tuesday, Nov. 11, on account of the necessary absence of some of the members and applications for continuance in several leading cases.

HON. JACOB CREMS, of Indiana county, was nominated by the Democratic congressional conference of the Twenty-first district, composed of Indiana, Jefferson, Armstrong and Westmoreland counties on Monday. The Republican nominee is Colonel George Huff, at one time a resident of Ebensburg.

WHEN an old Republican organ like the *Bucks County Intelligencer* refuses to support Delamater and declares for Pattison, no one can doubt that the revolt against the rule of Quay is deep seated and full of meaning. The *Intelligencer* says: "It is incomprehensible how an honest citizen can justify to himself a participation in supporting Mr. Delamater."

SENATOR QUAY is becoming more desperate every day in his anxiety to save Delamater from defeat. The word has gone out to the Republican workers in every county to trade off their entire county tickets to secure a Democratic vote for Delamater. This is not relished by the Republican nominees in the various counties, and they say they will not stand by and see themselves slashed in order to bolster up a weak candidate who has no interest in them.

THE Protectionist newspapers are loudly berating the merchants and manufactures for the immediate advances they are making in the prices of goods to correspond with the advanced rates of tariff duty. The rise in prices is calculated to have a bad effect upon voters. It would have been more discreet to have put it off until the next Congress should have been elected. Congressmen should have considered this phase of the matter when they were in such mad haste to fix an immediate date for the new rates of duty to take effect.

THE Department of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania has recently had numerous applications for unappropriated land, which still remains in a number of the central and western counties of the State. During the past year no fewer than eighty-one of these applications, covering 6,587 acres have been filed. The department itself has no knowledge of these State lands. Most of the applications come from land surveyors, who, in the course of their routine work, discover there are certain tracts of land not included in any recorded survey. These are called unclaimed lands. Anyone who settles upon one of these unclaimed tracts and improves it, has the first right to claim it under the land laws of the State. In the eastern end of the State there is no unclaimed land, every rood having long since been appropriated by some one.

IT is stated, says the Pittsburg *Post* that the price of Colonel Huff's nomination for Congress in the Twenty-first district was $15,000 planked down for the uses of the Republican State committee in their Quay-Delamater boodle campaign. Mr. Jacob Crepe of Indiana county, the Democratic nominee, is very strong in that county and wherever known in the district. He served in the war as a captain of the Sixty-first regiment, and has been elected sheriff and representative in the Legislature from Indiana county, overcoming a heavy Republican majority. There is much dissatisfaction in Armstrong and Indiana counties over the nomination of Mr. Huff. The Pittsburg *Gazette* of Tuesday, in eulogy of Mr. Huff's money-getting attainments, makes a list of fifteen or thenty corporations with which he is connected, as founder, treasurer, president, director, etc. There are enough of this sort of people in Congress without Mr. George F. Huff.

THE Johnstown *Democrat* of Monday last, in speaking of the Democratic county ticket says: Captain Michael Fitzharris, whose name appears first as one of the candidates for Assembly, is one of the best known and highly esteemed citizens of our county. Having a highly creditable army record, he has always been popular with the soldiers. On September 4 1861, when but seventeen years of age, and just out the public schools of Hollidaysburg, where he had been in attendance, he enlisted in Company D, Eighty Fourth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. His entire term of office was four years, eight months, and twenty-seven days. In the battle of Winchester, March 23, 1862, he was wounded. On May 3, 1863, at Chancellorsville, he was taken prisoner. He was subsequently exchanged. The different battles in which he participated were Bath, Winchester, second battle of Bull Run, Petersburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Mine Run, Kelly's Ford, Warrenton, Cross Keys, Richmond, and was at Appotomattox, when Lee surendered. In his private life, most of which since the war has been spent at Gallitzin, Captain Fitzharris has always been one of the most progressive citizens of his community.

Our other candidate for Assembly, Ed. T. McNeelis, Esq., is well and favorably known to the people of Cambria county, as is well attested by the unusually large vote he received at the primary election. Although yet a young man he has risen by dint of his own earnest and persistent endeavors to a foremost place in the legal profession, to which he has worked his way from having started in life as a mill hand and machinist, at which he worked for many years. Mr. McNeelis was born on Iron street, this city, and received his education in the public schools. He studied law with the late H. G. Rose. Since his admission to the bar his rise has been rapid.

Our candidate for Treasurer, Mr. Charles J. Mayer, enjoys the distinction of being universally popular with his acquaintances. Charley was born and raised in Johnstown and educated in her schools. Ever since he has been old enough to vote, he has been active in promoting the success of his party. As Chairman of the County Committee four years ago he steered the party through the campaign successfully, some of the majorities being among the largest by which the Democratic ticket has ever been carried in this county. Charley to-day is looked upon as one of the most trustworthy men of the county and we venture to say that he will fill the position to the satisfaction of the people. It will be to the credit of the county to make him the custodian of her public funds.

Mr. P. E. Dillon, one of the candidates for Commissioner, is well qualified for the position to which he aspires. He once held the office of County Auditor, and may be relied upon to look after the interests of the people.

Mr. John Kirby, the other candidate for Commissioner, needs to have no one speak for him to the people of Cambria county. In his service to the county in the past he has made hosts of friends, who will be ever ready to stand by him, remembering him as a faithful public servant.

Mr. W. C. Berry, of Wilmore, is well experienced in accounts, which particularly fits him for the position of County Auditor.

Mr Joseph Hipps, of Chest township, has already acceptably filled part of a term as Auditor. He is competent, and deserves reelection.

Our candidate for Poor House director, Samuel W. Miller, Esq., has long been well known in the political circles of the county as an unflinching Democrat, who is well qualified for any political preferment he might seek.

The whole ticket is composed of good and true men, whose election would be a credit to the county. They will all be elected, and the majorities should be large.

THE action of the State Federation of Labor, in session, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, in declaring for ballot reform and for a constitutional convention to speedily enforce the same is a slap at the men who controlled the last Republican Legislature and at the same time is an endorsement of the course of the Democrats in the pending contest. The intelligent voters doubtless remember that Mr. Quay's candidate for Governor and Chairman Andrews of the Republican State Committee defeated a measure at the last session looking to the reform of the ballot laws of this State. Their object in so doing was to keep the workingmen of Pennsylvania at the mercy of intimidating employers as long as possible. Since the defeat of the bill, however, the sentiment for ballot reform has become so marked that the political firm of Delamater, Andrews and Co., has been compelled to admit that ballot reform is necessary. It will be observed, by the bye, that they have not become such enthusiastic ballot reformers as to declare for a constatutional convention which would insure a change of systems within the coming year. Oh, no.

Candidates Pattison and Black, on the other hand, are out spoken in their belief that the people should be called into sovereign convention at the earliest possible day, and everywhere throughout the State they have expressed their sentiments on the matter with commendable boldness. They want no delay in securing ballot reform, and it is cheering to know that a body of representative workingmen, like the Federation of Labor has endorsed the position they have taken.

THE Democratic State Committee will issue a challenge early next week on behalf of the Hon. Robert E. Pattison to Senator Delamater to meet the former in joint debate. In doing this the committee will take advantage of the refusal of the Republican State Committee to refusing to allow Senator Delamater to appear on the same platform with Mr. Pattison. It is probable that the attempt to bring the two candidates together will prove futile, as Chairman Andrews will not allow Delamater to accept the challenge.

Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, October 21.—Never, not even excepting the presidential campaign of 1888, has Senator Quay been under so severe a mental strain as he is now undergoing. He feels the importance of the fight in which he is now engaged. If never before, the realization has now come to him that November 5 will make or unmake him. Every resource and every political trick that could be employed has been used by him in his effort to keep his head above water. But it has all been without avail. Even his friends who would prefer to believe otherwise have at last come to the conclusion that his defeat is almost certain, and that the bark with Delamater as a passenger and Quay as helsman will be wrecked on the rocks of public opinion.

The friends of a man like Quay can hardly be other than friends from self-interest. Now that they realize the possibility of his defeat, they are leaving him as rats desert a sinking ship. This is one of the things that worries the Boss most. One by one he sees his friends leave him with his power as he left Curtin. Left without trusted friends, Quay is at his wit's end. He has this campaign to fight under a disadvantage which he never labored under before. Heretofore he has had the assistance of able lieutenants, and his only trouble was the lack of funds with which to carry on his battles. Now he has plenty of money but not men whom he can trust with the handing of it.

His position as chairman of the National Republican Committee has given him the control of the funds raised for use in national elections. The money is diverted into channels which he suggests and he has not scrupled to put it where it will do him the most personal good. It has been known for some time that the money raised from the Republicans throughout the country by the issue of his ten-dollar certificates has been turned over to the campaign in Pennsylvania, and most of the money used by Delamater was contributed by men who had no idea of helping Quay, but expected that it would be used to make the next House of Representatives Republican, and pave the way for the election of a Republican successor to President Harrison.

It has become more evident that the Republican leaders have said to Quay: "You have nominated your man against the wishes of the mass of the Republican party, now elect him." Two months ago the responsibility was a pleasing one, but now he has discovered that he has bitten off more than he can chew. For a while he was content to let things drift along, confident that his hold on the Rebublican party was too strong to be loosened, but now he realizes that defeat is near and has assumed the personal management of the campaign.

Since he has taken hold of the reins, however, he has found that he will not have the soft snap that he thought. He realizes more than ever the great danger he is in and is ready to make any deal he can to secure the election of Delamater. He has already begun trading the Legislative, Congressional, and county tickets, to save his own and Delamater's bacon. He is willing to sacrifice everything to retain his power in politics. The handwriting is on the wall, however, and Matthew Stanley, the once powerful boss in both State and national politics, will find himself on the day after the election shorn, like Samson, of his strength.

B. W. R.

Panic in a Church.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—Fifteen hundred children, most of them accompanied by their mothers, were in attendance on the Rev. Father Barzyvsky's 8 o'clock service in St. Stanislaus Roman Catholic Church, in Noble street, this morning, when the altar draperies caught fire from one of the candles. The women and children became panic-stricken and rushed pell mell to the exits. Those in front were pressed by those behind, and many lost their footing on the stone steps in front of the building and were trampled upon. The Fire Department quickly put out the fire, and the injured children were picked up and cared for. None of the little ones was dead, but a large number were injured, a few seriously.

The steps at the entrance of the church were covered with blood after the panic. The carpets and many of the pews were torn up by the children in their flight.

Nine Men Drowned.

PORT HURON, MICH., Oct. 20—The steam barge Annie Young caught fire off Lexington, in Lake Huron, about 9:45 o'clock this morning and nine members of the crew, who tried to escape in a small boat, were drowned.

There was a terific sea running at the time the fire broke out. The captain and crew took to the boats, nine going in one boat and thirteen in the other. The thirteen were picked up by the steamer Edward Smith, but the other boat was upset and all its occupants were drowned.

The boat was owned by the Anchor Transportation Company, of Erie Pa., was built in 1869 and valued at $50,000. When Captain Miller and the crew with him in the lifeboat pulled away from her she undoubtedly went to the bottom.

Mudslinging.

"It is true that I was convicted of burgarly ten years ago," said the candidate in a low voice. "It is true as my opponents charge that I had to leave the State hurriedly and with but little baggage, because I thoughtlessly signed another man's name to a check and didn't notice it till I'd cashed it; but, he raised his voice and held up both his hands, "I appeal to you to show your disapproval of the mudslinging methods of the opposition. It is getting to be the fashion in politics more to deal in personalities, to drag in details about the candidate's life that should not be mentioned, and I trust that you will rebuke this tendency by electing me to the high office to which I aspire!"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Blessed be the Tax.

The failure of the potato crop in the United States will necessitate the importation of hundreds of thousands of bushels to meet the demand for consumption and for seed. For every bushel of these necessaries of life the farmer, the laborer and in fact every consumer, will be compelled to pay 25 cents in addition to the value of the article. This is one of the great privileges extended under the McKinley montrosity Tariff bill.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Dr. King's new life pills, Bucklen's arnica salve and electric bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. For sale at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

THE Wage Workers' Political Alliance has asked President Harrison to appoint Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

Invited the Issue.

C. Stuart Patterson and, the other letter writers who have recently come to the defense of the Republican candidate for Governor, and also the Republican State Committee, seem very much offended because Matthew Stanley Quay has been made a leading issue in the campaign.

Before Delamater was nominated it was known that his selection would be the signal for the opening of a raking and hot fire from the ranks of his own party. Yet despite the fact that serious charges has already been preferred against him, charges which he has yet failed to meet, Quay forced his nomination and tons invited what is now called "Democratic mud slinging," but which is in reality a Republican factional quarrel.

The fact that the issue of Quayism is made an important factor in the campaign is not of Democratic seeking. The Republicans, by indorsing Quay in their platform and devoting the principal plank of it to a defense of the tattooed leader, forced the junior Senator into the campaign as an issue. They now recognize their folly and attempt to conceal it by denouncing the Democrats for taking up what they boldly challenged them to do.

Ballot reform, the eradication of corruption from the State Treasury and the correction of unjust taxation—a measure which was defeated by Republican trickery at the last session of the Legislature through a plain collusion between certain party leaders and such willing tools as Senator George Handy Smith and Governor Beaver—are the issues which the Democracy presents to the people. That the smirched reputations of George W. Delamater and M. S. Quay have been made prominent factors in the fight are entirely due to the Republican dissensions.—*Phila. Herald.*

Prices Tending Upward.

The McKinley bill increases the cost of every article of clothing, adds to the expense of every necessity and enhances the price of every comfort. One well-known mercantile house advertises that the price of hose will be advanced in consequence of it. The leading tailors inform the public that clothing will be more expensive, and dealers in every other article of necessity are sending out notices of an impending advance in prices.

These are the evil effects of the McKinley bill, because it is a self-evident proposition that increased cost without compensatory advance in resources is an evil. Now has anyone heard of an advance in wages in the protected industries affected by the McKinley bill? According to information received at this office, one firm which has liberally contributed to the corruption fund sent into McKinley's district to buy votes has actually reduced wages and provoked a strike since the passage of the bill.

The truth is that the bill cannot and was never expected to increase wages. It was designed to add to the profits of manufacturers and dealers, in order to reimburse them for the cost of electing President Harrison, and the people were not taken into consideration. This fact will dawn upon the public mind sooner or later.—*Phila. Herald.*

How Maish Looks at it.

WASHINGTON, October 20.—Representative Maish, of York, the manager of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee in this city, has just returned from a visit to his State and reports great political excitement.

"With the tremendous odds that are against the Democratic party," said Colonel Maish, "it is not best to be too positive that Pattison will win. While there is great Republican defection, the very fact of its existence will serve to increase the excitament and bring out the full number of the straight voters of the party. The outlook is very encouraging, however, for the election of Pattison. I met a gentleman from Pittsburg the other day, who is a Pattison man, and he said there was a great uprising there against Delamater. Much of it might be due to the personal enmity of local leaders against Senator Quay. But it would count just the same for Pattison as though it were a matter of principle. If the Republicans succeed at all it will undoubtedly be by a greatly reduced majority.

Thrown Into a Trance.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS., October 21.—A young lady named Miss Maggie O'Brien has been in a trance-like state since last Friday evening, and has caused considerable of a sensation in this vicinity.

Last Friday she took gas at the office of Dentist Dox, recovered fully from the stupor, and walked out without assistance. On entering the house of a friend she complained of drowsiness, and, lying down, fell into a sleep from which no effort could arouse her. Doctors were at once called, but their assistance was of no avail.

On Saterday evening Dr. Millard was called on consultation. He pronounced the girl conscious of things going on about her, and said she was in a state of hysteria, caused by the nervous shock of taking the gas and helped on by the excited conversation of her friends who crowded the room. It is thought she will recover.

THE battle in the Twenty-fifth Congress district—Mercer, Lawrence, Butler and Beaver counties, between the two Republican candidates, McDowell and Phillips, is waged with great fury. It is said that the McDowell meetings draw much greater crowds than the Delamater meetings. This fierce disorganization in Quay's own district is typical of the trouble which besets the Republican canvass in all the western counties of the State. It is the legitimate fruit of crookedness. Though the district has a safe Republican majority of 7000 votes, it cannot divide the vote between two candidates and elect either of them. Mr. Dunn, the Democratic nominee, as the case now stands is reasonably assured of election. He can only fail through the neglect of his party to take advantage of the opportunity.—*Phila. Record.*

Veterans Ask Delamater About Morris.

SCRANTON, PA., Oct, 20.—E. S. Hendrick, formerly first lieutenant in the Ninth Pennsylvania volunteers, and Chauncey J. Reed, formerly first lieutenant in the Eighty-ninth New York volunteers, both of Scranton, and members of the Grand Army of the Republic, have sent a letter to Delamater asking him as to the truth of the charges made against him in the affidavit of Captain John F. Morris, the crippled soldier of Meadville, who was defeated as a candidate for County Treasurer through Delamater's influence. No answer has been received to the veteran's request.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from your advertised druggist a bottle of Dr King's New Discovery for consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, crup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at the drug stores of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Among the passengers on the steamer Umbria on Sunday were Robert Garrett and family. Mr. Garrett said his health was much better, but beyond that he would not talk.

—Robert T. Lincoln, Minister to England, has decided to bring the remains of his only son, Abraham Lincoln, to Springfield and deposit the body in a crypt in the Lincoln monument.

—Willie Singleton (colored,) aged twenty years, was lynched near Macon, Ga., Saturday for attempted assault. The lynchers took an oath not to reveal the young woman's name.

—A drove of hogs in Hudson, Mich., became intoxicated by drinking the scum from a sorghum factory, and in the orgies which followed one hog was drowned by the gay debauchees.

—The South Carolina Supreme Court awarded $16,000 damages to J. T. Young against the Western Union Telegraph Company on account of a delayed telegram announcing his wife's death.

—Henry Kron, a well-to-do farmer living near Evansville, Ind., shot and killed his wife in the presence of their three children on Sunday. He completed the tragedy by blowing off the top of his head with the same gun.

—Michael McDonough, aged twenty-four years, of Braddock, died at the Mercy Hospital in Pittsburg on Friday from injuries received by being caught between two freight cars at Braddock on Wednesday of last week.

—In 1889 there were 630,000,000 pounds of tobacco consumed in the United States, 20,000,000 pounds of which was imported. There were 4,000,000,000 cigars consumed in the same period, all but 40,000,000 of which were home-made.

—In the jails and penitentiaries of the United States now there are 4,000 murderers. Appalling figures, in themselves, but when divided into nearly 60,000,000 do not make such a record for the red hand as appears when considered alone.

—Preston Turpie, 14 years of age, committed suicide on Sunday night in New York by hanging himself in his father's house. He was an inveterate reader of dime novels, and it is supposed that his mind had become thereby effected.

—Mary Metzdorff, of Baltimore, aged 16 years, who killed her brother, James Metzdorff, and Mary Broadwater, her aunt, by strychnine, which she put in the coffee, pleaded guilty when arraigned for trial on Monday. She was remanded for sentence.

—The annual report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office states that nearly 19,000,000 acres have during the year been transferred to settlers. The area of coal and mineral lands patented has been largely increased over that of the previous fiscal year.

—A parade of Catholic Sunday school children took place in Brooklyn on Monday in honor of the jubilee of Bishop Loughlin Over 22,000 children turned out and marched past the Episcopal residence, where they were reviewed by the bishop, Cardinal Gibbons and others.

—J. W. Davis, a wealthy coal operator of West Pittston, was shot and killed by Policeman William Weathers a few days ago. Davis was drank and disorderly and attacked the policeman, who was trying to arrest him. Weathers is under arrest and will be sent to prison to await trial.

—An accident occurred at Moorhead, McLean & Co.'s blast furnace on Thursday afternoon of last week at Soho, resulting in the the injury of eight workmen. The men were engaged in drawing coke from the ovens, when the hot dust blew out, enveloping them entirely. Two victims, Edward Hughes and Michael Karwatt, died at the hospital. Thomas Bearing and John Hughes have been given up by the doctors.

—About 6 o'clock on Saturday morning Daniel H. Wilson, aged forty-three, residing at No. 702 Laverette street, Boston, Mass., shot his wife, Annie, in the left temple while she was in bed, killing her. He then shot himself in the breast, inflicting a possibly fatal wound. He was a driver for the Adams Express Company, and two weeks ago was taken ill and had been confined to his house ever since. He was a faithful man and it is thought despondency caused his rash act.

—A successful paper barrel has been invented, at which horses and porters must rejoice. The barrel is an English invention, is made from waste paper, cardboard and old bagging, and can be put upon the market for twenty-eight cents. A preparation of linseed oil and resin makes the barrels waterproof ordinarily, though when they are intended to contain fruits a special varnish is used. They are used for shipping explosive materials, fruit, sugar, molasses, extract of meat and other products.

—Daniel F. Beatty, formerly Mayor of Washington, Warren county, N. J., was indicted on Monday by the Federal Grand Jury, in session at Trenton, for fraudulent use of the mails. Beatty is a manufacturer of organs, and is charged with sending circulars throughout the country offering organs at ridiculously low prices, and after the receipt of money refusing to fill the order till a further sum should be forwarded, claiming that he had run out of the cheaper instruments. He will probably be tried in a few days.

Prohibition Ticket.

Election, Tuesday, November 4th.

STATE.

Governor,
JOHN D. GILL.
Lieutenant Governor,
CHARLES E. HYATT,
Secretary of Internal Affairs,
WILLIAM T. DUNN.

COUNTY.

Congress,
GEORGE H. HOCKING.
Assembly,
JOHN J. EVANS.
GEORGE TURNER.
Treasurer,
DANIEL W. ANGUS.
County Commissioners,
LEONARD BOYER,
JOHN FOLSOM,
Auditors,
CHARLES O. WILSON.
WILLIAM A. McKEE.
Poor House Director,
PHILIP P. CUSTER.

NOTICE TO PERSONS

DESIRING TO INVEST IN

Borough Bonds!

NOTICE is hereby given that the Borough of Ebensburg, Pa., is about to issue bonds in the amount of $6,000.00, in sums of $100.00 each, with interest at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free from taxation so far as the individual holders are concerned. Persons desiring to invest in such securities will please make known at once to the undersigned or Fergus C. Lloyd, Deputy Burgess, the amount or number of such bonds they wish to purchase. These bonds will be sold to the first purchasers presenting themselves, hence the necessity of promptness in making known the number of bonds desired. E. E. EVANS,
Ebensburg, Aug. 29, 1890. Burgess.

Job work of all kinds neatly executed at this office. Give us a trial.

AT EBENSBURG!

ALL NEXT WEEK

COMMENCING MONDAY, OCT. 27.

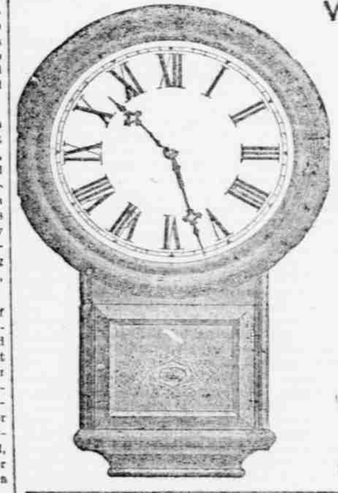
Better Clothing and Lower Prices

You Can't Afford to Miss Us.

L. M. WOOLF & SON,

Johnstown's Wide-Awake Merchants.

CARL RIVINIUS,
—PRACTICAL—
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.

Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford
WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885—tf.

EVERY **WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF**

BE UP TO THE MARK

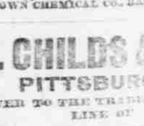
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE
ELLULOID
MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

may.28-1y



RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

Which is worthless until you write with all Diseases and Sufferers who have used Dr. Miles' Nervine IT COMPLETELY CURES

J. P. Newton, 85 Bank St., Cleveland, O., says: "Dr. Miles' Nervine cured me of Rheumatism after I had been confined to my bed for three weeks. I had tried many remedies before using Nervine, but found no benefit from any of them. Nervine cured me in a few days." Price $2.50. If druggist has not got it, he will get it for you. Don't accept any substitute. Send for free book to Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
310-321 Market Street, Philadelphia.

WOMEN

Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from Indigestion peculiar to their sex, should use

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY NOT QUANTITY

THE BEST TONIC

This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It enriches and Purifies the Blood, Strengthens the Muscles, Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates the System. It Aids the Appetite, Digestion, Assimilation of Food. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—all other Iron medicines do. Mrs. Ezekiel Harris, 11 Perry Ave., Atlanta, Ga., says under date of Feb. 1, 1890: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters and find it more than recommended. I have taken a dozen bottles and it has done me more good than all other medicines I have taken." Mrs. Louisa C. Bunce, Rockford, Ill., says: "I have suffered untold misery from Dyspepsia, Complaints, and could obtain no relief until I used Brown's Iron Bitters." Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

H. CHILDS & CO.,
PITTSBURGH,
OFFER TO THE TRADE THE BEST LINE OF
$3.00 SHOES
IN THE MARKET.
MADE IN

Button, English Bals & Imitation Lace Congress,

From the BEST CALF SKINS, with GENUINE DONGOLA TOPS, and LEATHER COUNTERS, and every pair warranted.

Some lives are like Horse shoes the more worn the brighter. Busy wives who use SAPOLIO never seem to grow old. Try a cake.

A complete wreck of domestic happiness has often resulted from badly washed dishes, from an unclean kitchen, or from trifles which seemed light as air. But by these things a man often judges of his wife's devotion to her family, and charges her with general neglect when he finds her careless in these particulars. Many a home owes a large part of its thrifty neatness and its consequent happiness to SAPOLIO.

☞ Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for SAPOLIO, to make a better profit. Send back such articles and insist on having just what you ordered. ☜

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - OCT. 24, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Vote the Democratic ticket.

—Election day November 4th.

—Sauer kraut will soon be ripe.

—The Ebensburg band has been re-organized.

—The coal dealer's harvest has commenced.

—Make arrangements to get out the Democratic vote.

—Buckwheat cakes and sausages are now the bill of fare.

—Mr. Phil Luttringer, of Johnstown, visited Ebensburg on Monday.

—Allen, little son of Mr. C. H. Barker, is seriously ill with pneumonia.

—Mr. P. F. Kirby, of Wilmore, was a visitor to our town on Tuesday.

—There are at present forty-six prisoners in the jail, eight of whom are women.

—Overcoats and clothing are in season and Barkers' is the place to buy them.

—Mr. John F. Will, of Loretto, spent a few hours in town on business on Wednesday.

—The contractor Shoemaker, is crowding the work ahead as fast as the weather will permit.

—All kinds of job work neatly and promptly executed at this office at the lowest prices.

—A farmer of Uniontown mistook a choice game chicken thief and filled it full of shot.

—The Methodists of Frugality will lay the corner stone of a new church on Sunday, October 2.

—The Bedford County Teachers' Institute will be held in Bedford the first week in November.

—Harry Marsh, who is in jail under sentence of death, is engaged at writing a history of his life.

—A large black bear was seen in the neighborhood of Dixonville, Indiana county, on Monday last week.

—The Sheriff of Somerset county removed ninety boys from the Indiana county jail to the new jail at Somerset on Monday.

—Mrs. E. Jones and son, Mr. Cyrus Jones of this place, returned home from a visit trip to Philadelphia on Thursday.

—Grapes are selling in Erie at $50 per ton, or 2½ cents a pound. The grape crop in that vicinity has been unusually abundant.

—One thing that Democrats and Republicans all agree upon is that they can buy everything cheaper at Barkers' than anywhere else.

—Over 120,000,000 feet of logs have been cut out of the Williamsport boom this season, and there are about 40,000,000 feet more to be sent to the mill basins.

—In looking around for bargains don't forget that you can find them at home as well as anywhere else, and Barker Bros. always have something new to offer you.

—Mr. Milton Connell, of Blairsville Intelligencer, formerly of this place, will have charge of the Postal Company's telegraph office at Ebensburg. He arrived here on Sunday.

—Nature cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Shoop, 50 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease and no operation or delay from business obtained by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Preston T. Swank, editor of the Johnstown Tribune, was in town on Tuesday taking a look at the conferees who are trying to nominate a congressional candidate for the Republicans in this district.

—For sale.—One of the coolest six-room houses with lot 140x160 feet, having all necessary outbuildings, etc., and all in good repair. Will be sold cheap. Call on or address the editor of the FREEMAN.

—Mr. C. A. Laugbein, of Ebensburg, chief of the Democratic congressional couriers from this county, started for Bedford on Wednesday to attend the meeting of the democratic conference at that place.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Hoarseness, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use as directed for health and sweet breath.

—William Frost, aged 18 years, son of Mrs. Ann Frost, the head distiller at Gibsonton, Cambria county, fell from a building on Monday and fractured his right leg so badly that it had to be amputated below the knee in order to save his life.

—The contractors who are in charge of the work of enlarging and fixing up the old stone tunnel at Gallitzin have ordered two million brick for the inside casing. The tunnel is to be made higher and is to be wide enough for two tracks.

—Thomas Burke, the young man who was shot by George Hafnagle, in Barr township, on the 7th instant, is at his home in Scrubgrass, and is getting better. Physicians in attendance having strong hopes for his recovery.

—Mr. W. P. Rathbun, Superintendent of Motive Power & Car Department railroad, and Miss Jennie B. Curry, daughter of Hon. Jno. A. Curry, of Altoona, were married in St. Luke's Episcopal church in Altoona on Tuesday, by Rev. Allen S. Woodle.

—Remember our dates. We are here all year with a full line of clothing to offer you, and you can suit yourself any day in the week. Examine our goods and prices and if we are not right, don't buy.

BARKER BROS.

—Mr. Josiah Burns and Austin P. Crum, two influential township, were in town on Monday and on their way home, while descending Duran's hill on the road to Wilmore their horse ran off, throwing both gentlemen out and badly wrecking the buggy.

—Two children, aged respectively about eight years, came all the way from Bellwood to Benwindale, Clearfield county, recently. They wore tags upon which the name and address of the man they were to visit were printed, and they arrived safely.

—The contractors for building the fence around the fair ground, have about four miles of the post holes dug and have commenced setting the posts. The wet weather is causing some delay, but when the weather comes the fence will go up with a rush.

—Miss Emma Sechler, sister of William Sechler, Esq., of this place, died at the residence of her sister Mrs. Allice Adleman, in Patton, on Monday last, from consumption. The remains of the deceased were brought to this place to-day (Friday) and interred in Lloyds cemetery.

—J. P. Brown, who is a member an engineering corps that has been working in the neighborhood of Carrolltown the past summer, attempted to commit suicide at his boarding house in the Gray Hotel at Carrolltown on Monday afternoon by cutting his throat with a pocket knife. He was discovered in time to stop the flow of blood before any serious wound was made. Brown had been drinking heavily of late, and the rash act was done during a fit of despondency.

—We now have a nice new assortment of clothing, boots, gum coats, leather coats and everything suitable for winter to offer you. Come and see our goods before buying.

BARKER BROS

—Something is wrong with the telephone line between this place, and Carrolltown, communication by that method, having been cut off for several days past. We understand the managers of the line have sent for a lineman to come and make the necessary repairs.

—On election day Mr P. F. Brown, and C. A. Langbein will take charge of the Denny Hotel, in this place. Mr. Denny will move into the house occupied by Mr. Brown on Center street, where he will live private until the 1st of April next, when he will take possession of the Mountain House.

—T. Morett, of Braddock, raised the figures of a Pennsylvania Railroad check from $3 80 to $880 00, and presented it for payment at the First National Bank in Altoona Friday. His scheme was detected by the bank officials and he was promptly arrested. He will be prosecuted by both corporations.

—Mr. Peter Semmelsberger, who resides in Cambria township, 3 miles southwest of Ebensburg, will sell at public sale on Friday, October 31st, 1890, at 1 o'clock, P. M., 2 work horses, 2 yearling colts, 1 cow, 2 heifers, two-horse wagon, plow, sleds, harness, corn in the shock, straw and other property too numerous too mention.

—Mr. John S. Morrison, a wealthy citizen of Tyrone, senior member of the firm of Morrison, Cass & Co., who died the latter part of last week, bequeathed $60,000 for the building of a public library in that place. The balance of his estate, about $300,000, he left to relatives. Mr. Morrison was aged about fifty-two years and was never married.

—Two tramps, John Smith of Newbury, N. Y., and Ed. McCarty, of Fall River, Mass., started west on a freight train on Saturday night. When near Lilly the car they were in was thrown over an embankment and broken to pieces. McCarty died soon after being taken out and Smith was hurt about the body and his left leg broken. Smith was taken to the Altoona hospital.

—The Republicans opposed to the renomination of Congressman Scull, are in no way backward in their expressions of hostility to that gentleman in the event of his being the candidate named by the conference. But then we have heard the same kind of talk before and know that when election day comes the loudest talkers are generally the first to take their medicine.

—Edward Riggles, of Howard, Centre county, was killed on Saturday while out on a squirrel hunt. In making an effort to dislodge a squirrel from a young sapling it appears that he used the butt of his gun to jar the tree, by which foolish act the weapon was discharged and the contents entered his abdomen. Dr. Mothersbaugh was summoned, but the unfortunate victim died before his arrival.—*Lock Haven Democrat.*

—On Wednesday night of last week the barn of Mr. Thos. North, in Canoe township, Indiana county, was discovered to be on fire and was soon burned to the ground. Along with the barn were burned two horses, two mules, two sheep, a large bull, about forty tons of hay, farm implements, harness, grain, etc. The loss is estimated at about $2,000, partially insured. Incendiarism is the supposed cause. This is the seventh barn burned in Indiana county since June.

—Mr. James Noon, residing one mile east of Munster, will offer at public sale on Monday November 3, 1890, at 10 o'clock, A. M., 2 work horses, 1 one-year-old colt, 2 milch cows, 10 sheep, 2 hogs, 3 scaps of bees, 1 wagon, 1 buggy, 1 threshing machine, 1 mowing machine, 1 horse rake, fanning mill plows, harrows, harness, sleds, chairs, grain, household and kitchen furniture, wheat, oats, corn and potatoes by the bushel, hay by the ton, and other articles too numerous to mention.

—H. C. Donoughe, a resident of Derry, and who is employed as a freight brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, was mysteriously shot in Altoona late last Friday night. Donoughe claims that while walking along Tenth avenue he was halted and instantly two loads of shot were fired into him. His face, neck and shoulders were riddled full of shot, and after going to the hospital the doctors succeeded in taking out thirty-six shot. He went away the next morning, saying that he was going to his home at Derry.

—See the big "ad." of Messrs. Woolf & Son, the popular clothiers of Johnstown, in this paper. They will have a representative here next week in the person of Mr. Thomas Reynolds, who will occupy the Tudor building with a large and handsome stock of men's and boys' clothing and underwear, and will be pleased to wait upon all who are in need of clothing. Mr. Reynolds is a courteous and obliging salesman and a fit representative of that reliable firm. Go and see their goods next week and fit yourself and boys out with a new suit of clothes.

—As there seems to be some dispute and uncertainty among hunters and others as to some points about the game law and the season when certain game can be killed or captured, we publish the following, which can be relied upon as being correct:

Squirrels—From September 1 to January 1.
Deer—October 1 to December 15.
Rabbits—November 1 to January 1.
Wild turkeys—October 15 to January 1.
Pheasants—October 1 to January 1.
Partridges—November 1 to December 15.
Woodcock—July 4 to January 1.
Ducks—September 1 to May 1.
Rail and reed birds—September 1 to December 1.

—A peculiar case came up in a Luzerne court at Wilkes-Barre the other day when the case of Henry Molenbrook, charged by his wife, Lavina, with desertion was called. The prisoner was on hand and sat near his counsel, General McCartney. When the two entered the court they were accompanied by seven men, who immediately took seats among the audience. When the case was called the wife failed to respond. She was not in court and no attorney appeared in her behalf. "Whom does this woman want to prosecute?" demanded General McCartney. "Why, she has eight living husbands right here in this court." "All the husbands of Lavina Molenbrook stand up," ordered the Judge, "and remain standing until counted," he added, as the seven men arose, and Mr. Molenbrook stood up to make the eighth. "Case dismissed," and the eight husbands marched slowly out of the court.

—David D. Pryce and Addison P. Pryce, administrators of William D. Pryce, late of Cambria township, deceased, will sell at public sale at the late residence of said deceased, on Saturday, November 1st, 1890, the following personal property, viz: Two black mares, 2 yearling colts, 1 sucking colt, 4 milch cows, 3 two-year-old cattle, 5 yearling calves, 8 hogs, 1 mowing machine, 1 horse rake, 1 fanning mill, 1 hay fork and pulleys, 1 threshing machine, 1 sleigh, 1 sled, 3 sets harness, 1 anvil and bellows, 1 two-horse wagon, 1 spring wagon, 1 harrow, hay, oats, wheat, rye and buckwheat, household and kitchen furniture and many other articles in the shape of farm utensils, too numerous to mention. Terms made known on day of sale when a reasonable credit will be given. There will also be exposed to public sale at the same time and place by Eliza Pryce, 10 head of sheep and lambs.

—Prof. A. R. Read of this place, who in September last went to Spokane Falls, Washington, on a business trip, is in Portland, Oregon, seriously ill with typhoid fever. Mrs. Read received a letter from a physician of Portland on Tuesday telling her of the dangerous condition of her husband and intended starting on Wednesday, but on Tuesday evening received a telegram informing her that Mr. Read's condition was much improved, and it would be unnecessary for her to undertake the long journey. We hope Prosessor Read may be speedily restored to health and soon able to return to his mountain home.

—The Republican congressional conference for this district met at the Lloyd House this place, on Monday and is still in session, holding several meetings and adjournments each day. Congressman Scull still holds his original six delegates from Cambria and Somerset, while Hicks holds the three Blair county delegates and Cessna the three from Bedford. Hicks and Cessna occasionly swap off and get the six votes of the Blair and Bedford delegates, but the prospect of making a nomination appears to be as far off as ever. There is considerable bad feeling existing among the partcts in attendance, and a belief prevails that State Chairman Andrews will have to interfere before a nomination can be made.

—It is astonishing the amount of mail matters that annually finds its way to the dead letter office. Last year four hundred and fifty-one thousand letters were sent to the dead letter office, to say nothing of the other matter fetching up at the same place. Of these letters over twenty-three thousand were put in the postoffices of the country without being addressed to anyone, and over ninety-eight thousand of them were mailed without any stamps upon them. Twenty-eight thousand of these letters contained paper money, aggregating fifty thousand dollars, and over twenty-six thousand of them enclosed checks and drafts to the total amount of nearly a million and a half of dollars. And this is nearly all the result of the grossest carelessness. The only remedy is more care, Let every person who writes a letter see that it is properly directed, and a postage stamp placed on it before it is put in the postoffice. There is little danger of it then going astray.

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior work manship of their designs ar evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skilful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They ordered forty tons of marble which arrived in April, and now have as fine, if not the finest, stock on the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in the line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

A Cure for Croup.

Here is a sure cure for croup. Dr. Laugardierre, a French physician, narrates thus his first experiment:

"I called for some sulphur powder; took a teaspoonful of it, which I diluted in a glass of water, ordering to drink one tablespoonful of the mixture every hour; shaking it before using. Next day the child was better. New potion for the next day. The following day the child was cured. The only thing left was a loose cough which I attributed to the false membranes circulating in the tracheal artery. Asking the parents to save it for me in case the child should expectorate them, two days later a sudden fit of coughing expelled them, and three dried-up pieces the size of a large bean, were brought up to me."

After that cure the doctor obtained several others, but none more convincing than the following:

"A little girl was dying; neither cry nor the least sound could come from her larynx; the pimples of diptheria were on her ears, neck, head and cheeks; her wheezing breathing could be heard at twenty metres off."

The doctor had secured a probe to insufflate nitrate of silver into the larynx. The parents opposed that, but consented to make the child swallow the sulpharated potion in the night.

"On the next day the child, which I had considered as lost, was resuscitated—the voice was restored; the potion was continued during that day, and the next the sick child was cured."

The communication of Dr. Laugardierre is of too much importance to not be the subject of a serious and immediate examination and it is for the Academy of Medicine to order such.

Ambush Attack from Ambush.

Tuesday night about 10 o'clock as Mr. Varner, a butcher, and his brother were riding home from the country, above Conemaugh, they were fired upon by some person or persons in ambush. Though four shots were fired neither of the men were hit, but one of the horses was badly wounded.

Last night a man by the name of George Makin was arrested, near Hendrick's farm, on suspicion of being one of the culprits. He was brought to the city and lodged in the city lockup about 10 o'clock Wednesday night.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Others do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if is does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Why Continue

the use of irritating powders, snuffs or liquids? Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for catarrh and cold in head, can be had for 50c. It is easily applied into the nostrils, is safe and pleasant, and is curing the most obstinate cases. It gives relief at once.

The Proprietors

of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

Correspondence.

ST. AUGUSTINE, PA., Oct. 21, 1890.

Editor Cambria Freeman.

DEAR SIR:—The schools of Clearfield township opened on Monday one week ago with a full corps of teachers, as follows: St. Augustine high school, J. M. McCormick; primary grade, Miss Regina Mealley; Byrne, Miss Allie Wharton; Myers, Miss Little; Cooper, Charles Luther; Clark, Miss Jenule Ryan; Nagle, Miss Agatha Wharton; Durbin, Bert Neason; Orebum, Miss Reynolds.

The School Board of this township, with the view to assist the teachers in every way possible, has ordered charts for all of the schools.

At a meeting of the directors and teachers in St. Augustine on Saturday last it was decided to hold the first local institute for the township in St. Augustine on Saturday, November 8th. Miss Mealy, Miss Allie Wharton and J. McCormick were appointed committee on program, and Messrs. M. L. Carl and Thomas Wilt were chosen president and vice president respectively of the coming meeting. The program is as follows; Song, pupils of primary school; Address of Welcome, M. L. Carl; Phonetic Spelling, Supt. Leech; Recitation, Miss Jennie Ryan; Violin Solo, Andrew Carl; Primary Physiology, J. S Foley; Recitation, Miss Dunegan; Relations of Directors and Teachers, James P. McCaure; How to Teach Vocal Music, Miss, Felletta Reynolds; School Discipline, Miss Regina Mealy; Primary Arithmetic, etc., Miss Emma Little; Essay, Bert Neason; Song, pupils of high school; How to Teach Geography, Miss Agatha Wharton; School Ethics, Charles Luther; How to Inculcate Patriotism, Miss Alice Wharton; Mechanical Drawing, John McCormick; Song, by Institute; Recitation, Miss Alice Wharton. Music by Prof. C. L. Miller. The institute willmeet at 1 o'clock, P. M.

The new Catholic Church of St. Monica, was dedicated to the service of God on Sunday last by Very Rev. Father Bush, of Altoona, assisted by Rev. Fathers Prior, of Carrolltown; Boyle, of Gallitzin; Ryan, of Loretto; Rosenstiel, of Ashville, and the pastor, Rev. Father McAvoy, of St. Augustine. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Very Rev. Father Bush, and at Vespers in the evening a sermon was preached by Rev. Father Ryan. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the church was crowded so that many had to stand. At Mass a collection was taken up to assist in liquidating the debt still remaining on the church, which is one of the most ornate edifaces in the county.

It is the opinion of the new principal of the High School that the late principal, Prof. J. S. Foley, during the time he had charge of the school, achieved results that he has never seen surpassed. Not only are the pupils far advanced in the ordinary branches of learning, but also in elocution and especially in composition and rhetoric—branches that so few know how to teach effectually—they are remarkably proficient. The present principal has deemed it expedient, in order to avoid covering trodden ground, to introduces several of the higher branches into the school.

Mr. John Krise, who lives between Chest Springs and St. Augustine, is dangerously ill and his death is momentarily expected.

A meeting of the Farmers' Alliance of Clearfield township will be held in St. Augustine on Saturday, October 25, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

Miss Maggie Dunegan, who was so severely injured by being thrown from a buggy while returning from Chest Springs about a month ago, is, we are glad to state, able to be out of bed and will be around amongst her many friends once more.

There are several serious cases of typhoid fever in this vicinity, Mr. Richard Delozier, of St. Augustine, being among the number.

J. M.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, October 22d, 1890.

Michael Seabolt and Annie Stophel, Benscreek.

John Cservenak and Annie Mackanics, Johnstown.

N. P. Barnhart, Johnstown and Eliza G. Bloddy, Lower Yoder township.

Mathais Churilla and Elizabeth Cheser, Johnstown.

Edwin Martin and Carrie Isley, Mineral Point.

Francis F. Costlow and Linda Farabaugh, Johnstown.

Thomas Scollon and Lilly M. Martz, Lilly.

Matthew Leonard and Alice Trimbath, Gallitzin.

James McFeeters and Marion Benshoff, Johnstown.

August Fleshour, Conemaugh township and Catharine L. Reusch, Stonycreek township.

George D. Johns, Lower Yoder township and June M. Barron, Hillsdale, Indiana county.

Robert Smith, Washington township and Annie Robine, Lilly.

Charles S. Boland and Annie S. Mullen, Portage.

Fred L. Hofecker and Jennie Silck, Johnstown.

Adolph Silck and Laura Daisie Parks, Johnstown.

Anthony McCabe and Maggie McAvay, Delaney.

J. N. Young, Buffington township, Indiana county and Lizzie A. Gittings, Cambria township.

Buckten's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE SUN FOR 1891.

Some people agree with *The Sun's* opinion about men and things and some people don't; but everybody likes to get hold of the newspaper which is never dull and never afraid to speak its mind.

Democrats know that for twenty years *The Sun* has fought in the front line for Democratic principles, never weakening or wavering in its loyalty to the true interests of the party it serves with fearless intelligence and disinterested vigor. At times opinions have differed on the best means of accomplishing the common purpose; it is not *The Sun's* fault if it has seen further into the millstone.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one will be a great year in American politics, and everybody should read *The Sun.*

Daily, per month,	$0.50
Daily, per year,	6.00
Sunday, per year,	2.00
Daily and Sunday, per year,	8.00
Daily and Sunday, per month,	0.70
Weekly Sun, one year,	1.00

Address THE SUN, New York.

SALESMEN WANTED.

A good chance to secure a paying situation for the dull winter months. Each salesman furnished with a complete outfit illustrating and describing New Fruits, etc., that sell readily. Salary and expenses from start. Write for terms. HOOPES, BROS. & THOMAS, Maple Avenue Nurseries. West Chester, Pa.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE
SCOTT'S EMULSION
the Cheat and the Joint Neuralgia,
Sprains, etc.
PAIN EXPELLER
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.
Druggists, 1890
Recipes, Chem. Laboratory,
Rochelle, Ogle County, Illinois.
TRUE Books about other Advertised Medicine on Application.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read proof below:

BROOKLYN, Conn., May 5, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Sirs:—Last Summer I cured a Curb upon my horse with your celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure and it was the best job I ever saw done. I have a dozen empty bottles, having used it with perfect success, during every thing I tried it on. My neighbor had a horse with a very bad Spavin that made him lame. He asked me how to cure it. I recommended Kendall's Spavin Cure. He cured the Spavin in just three weeks.
Yours respectfully, WILCOTT WITTER.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 4, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have been selling more of Kendall's Spavin Cure and Flint's Condition Powders than ever before. One man said to me, It was the best Powder I ever kept and the best he ever used.
Respectfully, OTTO L. HOFFMAN.

CITTENANGO, N. Y., May 13, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.:
Dear Sirs:—I have used several bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with perfect success, on a valuable and blooded mare that was quite lame with a Bone Spavin. The mare is now entirely free from lameness and shows no bunch on the *joint.*
Respectfully, F. H. HUTCHINS.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

HORNER, La., May 3, '90.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Gents:—I think it my duty to render you my thanks for your far famed Kendall's Spavin Cure. I had a fine year old filly which I prized very highly. She had a very severe swollen leg. I tried about eight different kinds of medicines which did no good. I purchased a bottle of your Kendall's Spavin Cure which cured her in four days.
I remain yours, SIMON DOWNER.

Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors. DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vermont.

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are the best. Beware of imposition and examine the bottom before you buy. $5.00 $4.00 $3.50 $2.50 $2.25 $2.00 GENTLEMEN $3.00 $2.00 FOR LADIES $2.00 $1.75 FOR BOYS $1.75 FOR MISSES

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf and Lined Waterproof Grain. The excellence and wearing qualities of this shoe cannot be better shown than by the strong endorsement of its thousands of satisfied wearers.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commands itself.
$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf Shoe unequalled for style and durability.
$3.50 Goodyear Welt is the standard dress shoe, at a popular price.
$2.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc.
All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

$3 & $2 SHOES FOR BOYS, have been most favorably received since introduced and the recent improvements make them superior to any shoes sold at these prices.

Ask your dealer, and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertised price, or a postal for order blanks.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

C. T. ROBERTS, AGENT. se17 10t

DO YOU KNOW

THAT YOU CAN BUY

Double Barrel Breech Loading Shot Guns at $5.50; Double Barrel Muzzle Loading Guns at $4.50; Single Barrel Shot Guns at $2.50, and all other goods at equally low prices.

ALSO A FULL LINE OF
Diamonds, Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

K. SMIT,
932 & 934 Liberty St., Cor. Smithfield,
PITTSBURG, PA.

Send for our large annual Illustrated Catalogue, No. 15, free of charge. se26-3m

HASTINGS HOTEL,
H. J. SHETTIG, PROPRIETOR.

Located at the Station, near the centre of the town, on Fourth Avenue. We endeavor to furnish the best accommodations to business men, pleasure seekers and boarders. Persons in search of comfort and quiet will find it a desirable place to stop. The Table is unsurpassed and is always supplied with the best the market affords, and all the delicacies of the season. The bar is supplied with the choicest of pure liquors and cigars and nothing but the best is sold. Special attention given to the care of horses.

H. J. SCHETTIG.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Florian Bongelo, Loretto borough, deceased.
Letters testamentary on the estate of Florien Bongelo, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement. JOSEPH HOGUE,
Loretto, Pa., Oct. 15, 1890. Executor.

ALEXANDER F. HAY, CATERER,
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Dining and Lunch Rooms,
614 Penn Avenue, - PITTSBURG, PA.
Weddings, Parties, Luncheons, etc., supplied with every requisite, to any available point, by rail or other conveyance. Special and prompt attention given orders by mail or telephone.
August 22, 1890-3m.

SELF-FEED DRAG SAWS
For 1, 2, 4 and 10 H. P.
PICKET MILLS
for Home and Factory use.
MARSH STEAM PUMP for Stationary and Traction Engines. All first-class Standard Machines
B. C. MACHINERY CO.
301 Levi Street, Battle Creek, Mich.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA
Office in Opera House, Centre-street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
Office on Centre street, near High.

ADVERTISERS by addressing Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce St., New York an learn the exact cost of any proposed line of ADVERTISING in American Newspapers. 100 Page Pamphlet 10c.

Gus. Simon's Card to the
Intelligent - People
of the Mountain Top.
BY DEALING WITH GUS. SIMON, Oceans of Money Saved GALLITZIN'S FAMOUS CLOTHIER.
A $40,000 Stock to Select from.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hoots and Shoes, Furniture, Hats, and Caps, at prices that will astonish everybody. Bring this Bill with you and be sure to ask for what is published on it, as we have all in abundance and none need go away empty. Come along.

CALICO.—A big lot of new styles at 4 cents; Pacific 5½ cents; the Washington Novelty, full Standard, 5 cents; Hartel Staples, 6 cents; fancy Indigo prints, 5, 6 and 7 cents; all covered prints in red, blue and green at 6 and 7 cents; Sateens, all patterns, at 8 cents; standard dark prints at 5 cents.

GINGHAMS AND CHAMBERIES.—A good apron check, 5 cents. Staple and fancy, 6 cents. Staple checks, blue, green and brown, 6 and 7 cents. Splendid styles in dress ginghams, 7, 8 and 9 cents. Wyoming dress ginghams, 8 cents. Plain chambreys, 7 and 8 cents. Toil de Nord, in plaid and stripes, 8½ cents.

REMNANT SALE of 1,000 yards of Calico and Muslin at one-half price.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED MUSLINS.—Bleached Muslins at 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents; 4x4 Middle Sex at 6 cents. 4x4 one of the finest at 6 cents. 4x4 Daisy, 7 cents. 4x4 Golden Rod and no Dicker 7 cents. Our "A No. 1" 8 cents. 4x4 Pennant, 8 cents. 5x4 Pillow case muslin, 10 cents. "Pride of the West," 14½ cents. Corset Jean, 7 cents.

TICKING.—Fancy Ticking at 8 cents. Uxbridge, blue striped, 10 cents. Harvard feather, 12 cents. XXXX special article, 15 cents. Double fold satin tick, bright colors, 18 cents. Also, a large line of remnants in ticking. Come early.

BUSINESS IS ALWAYS BOOMING AT SIMON'S STORE.

Everybody is complaining of dull times while we are doing a rattling business all the time. The only trouble we now experience is the fact that we cannot get goods in fast enough.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.—No larger line kept in the United States. Big Drive, 8 by 4, gray twilled flannel, 12 cents. Another gray twilled, 15 cents. White flannel, best, 25 cents. White domet, 8 cents. Red wool flannel, plain, 20, 25 and 30 cents. Nice plain, blue twilled, 22, 25, 30 and 35 cents. Bleached and unbleached Canton flannel, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 cents. Also, a nice line of colored Canton flannels, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents. A good pair of white blankets at 99 cents, $1.25, $1.48, $1.98, $2.50 and upward. All woolen blankets at $1.90, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and upward. Gray blankets at 75 cents, $1.00 and upward. Gray blankets at from 85 cents to $2.50 per pair. Comforters at from 75 cents up to $2.00.

LACE CURTAINS, 75 cents per pair, best quality.

DRESS GOODS department full of Novelties. Black Henriettas at 35, 50 and 75 cents.

SILK PLUSHES, VELVETS.—A full line kept. All colors and shades at from 25 cents up.

TOWELS and linens very low. Come and ask for our Kid Gloves, Bracelets, Rings, Chains, Cuff Buttons etc. Largest line kept. Ask to see them. The best line of Corsets at 34, 48, 75 and 98 cents and $1.25. Yelling Silk, all colors, 14 cents per yard. Laces, Embroideries, Ruchings, Vandyke Lace Infant Robes, Lace Collars and Infant Cloaks. Visit us if you want a Jersey Coat or Plush Coat. Long Coats for ladies and children. Children's long Coats, for ages up to 12 years, $2.00. Long Coats for girls, $2.50. Fine Plush Coats at $12.50, formerly sold at $25.00.

Now, see here. We can afford to sell cheap because we have no big expenses or rents to pay.

A NEW STORE EXCLUSIVELY FOR CLOTHING.

CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.—Men's suits, sizes 34 to 42. Men's good Satinett suits, $7.50. Brown Washinett, $4.50. Red and gray plaid, all wool, $6.48. Blue Beaver Cheviotts, all wool, $6.75. Blue Pantaloon, $7.50. Gray check cashmere, $7.25. Black, all wool, corkscrew, $8.50. Black, red and gold check, $7.00. Blue corkscrew, silk face, $10.92. Black corkscrew, sack, best, $11.99. Blue corkscrew, best, $12.00. Prince Albert suits, best corkscrew, at $15.00, $18.00 and $20.00.

BOYS'S CUTAWAY SUITS.—Very fine imported corkscrew, black, blue or brown, lined, $12.50. All wool corkscrew, stitched or bound, warranted, $12.00. Fancy black plain imported corkscrew, $11.00. Very fine imported wide wale, worsted black, $15.00. Blue and gray check cashmere, $4.50. Gray or brown check, $5.00.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN MEN'S PANTS.—Men's good plain pants, 75 cents. Men's good cottonades, 85 cents. Men's pants, wool finish, $1.25. Good chevriot pants, $1.50. Black corkscrew pants, $2.00. Good cashmere pants, $2.00. English worsted pants, $3.50. Imported fancies, $4.00, $4.50, $5.00, $5.50, $6.00 and $7.00 per pair.

SUITS WITH LONG PANTS.—For boys ranging in age from 14 to 17. Satinett Suits, $2.48. Good Union cashmeres, $3.98. Washinett suits, $2.98. Good cheviot suits, $4.74. Corkscrew suits, $6.48. Good English worsted, $7.00. Imported diagonal, $8.00. Frock coats, black and blue, $10.00.

CHILDREN'S SUITS.—One thousand and fancy cashmere suits for children, from $1.00 up to $3.25, $3.50, $4.25, $5.00, $5.75, $6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00. Nine hundred pairs children's knee pants, fancy, at 25 cents per pair. Don't forget that we carry the largest line of Overcoats for men, boys and children to be seen anywhere.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S LONG COATS AND JACKETS.—Children's coats, $1.48. Children's satinett coats, for ages from 2 to 4, $1.98 to $2.98. Coats in fine suitings for ages ranging from 4 to 12, $2.98, and upward to $5.00, 6.00, 6.50 and 8.00. Ladies' Jackets, fine line of the latest styles of Jackets at $2.00, 2.25, 2.50, 3.00. Stockinett coats, black, at $2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50. Jersey coats, 27 inches long, $2.50, 2.75, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00. Jersey coats, 30 inches long, $3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00. Short plush coats, 25 inches long, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00. We also have an exquisite line of long coats for ladies from $3.50 up to $24.00.

LARGE line of rugs and caps, trunks, valises and furniture, boots, shoes and Rubbers. We always carry a stock amounting to $10,000 and over, and can consequently afford to give you big bargains. Men's good brogans at 90 cents, 1.00, 1.25, and 1.50. Boys' good brogans at 75 cents, 80 cents, 1.00 and 1.10. Men's dress shoes at 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50 and up. Ask us to see our agent for the celebrated ELECTRIC SHOES. Children's shoes at 18, 22, 25, 38, 48 and 64 cents. Ladies' Dongola, Opera Toe, Common Sense or Spring Heel, at 98 cents, 1.25, 1.48, 1.75, 2.00, 2.25 and upward. Twelve to nothing under the old prices, that we cannot save you 50 per cent. As the stock of goods we have now on hands amounts to $40,000, you can safely leave selection to us. REMEMBER WE PAY STRANGERS' FARE BOTH WAYS. PURCHASES TO THE AMOUNT OF FIVE DOLLARS OR MORE AMOUNT TO TEN DOLLARS OR OVER.

This rule will be strictly kept. Give us a call and save money. An immense addition has been erected to our already large store.

AUGUST SIMON,
Who keeps the Largest Stocked Clothing and Dry Goods Store in Cambria county.

B. & B.

SEE SAMPLES OF THESE SP

SHE WANTED JUSTICE,

And, Like Many Others, Went to the Wrong Place for It.

During the closing minutes of the session of the court of general term in room No. 4 at the court-house yesterday, says the St. Louis Republic, a pale, grief-furrowed face might have been seen pressed against the glass panel of the door. The eyes were large and black, but dimmed with excessive weeping, and there were heavy black circles under them. Her dress was black and threadbare. For ten minutes she stared into the court-room, hesitating between fear and inclination. Meantime court had adjourned, the judges retired and all attorneys and loungers went quickly out. Still the woman held her place at the door. Presently some one passed, saw the woman, addressed a word or two to her, and then, opening the door for her, said to Clerk Brent:

"A lady to see the judge, Mr. Brent."

"The judge has retired, madam," said the clerk.

"Can't I see him, then?"

"I fear not."

"But couldn't I go to his residence?"

"That depends. Do you wish to see to see him on legal business?"

"I want to see him about my divorce case," said the woman, breaking down and crying quietly. "He hasn't been fair with me."

"Is your case in court?"

"Oh, I don't know, sir. It was set down for the April term, and it should have come up in April, you know, and now they tell me it's put over to October. My God! I can't wait; I can't wait so long."

"Did you have an attorney?"

"Yes, I had Mr. Blank first and he took all the money I had, $18, and then threw it up when he found I hadn't any more. Then I got Judge —— and he presented my petition, but he's never done any thing more, and now he's let them put it over till October. It's cost me nearly $50 already, and that is more than I can save in a year."

"Judge —— wouldn't treat you in that way willfully. He isn't that sort of man."

"So they told me, but I guess they're all alike," and she wrung her hands pitifully. "You see I haven't any money, and I can't get any relief. And he comes and beats me and robs me and threatens to take little Eva away from me. He says he has the right because he is my husband and I'm not able to care for her properly. But, oh! sir, he can't, can he? Don't you see if it goes over until October it will kill me. And God knows what will become of the baby. What shall I do, sir?"

"There's only one thing. You must get your attorney and come into court and make a showing of these facts."

"And I can't see the judge?"

"No, madam."

"But it isn't right. I don't understand it. I haven't been treated fairly, and if I could see the judge just a moment I know he couldn't refuse me."

"I'm very sorry, madam, but it's against orders."

"And I thought there was justice in the courts!" sobbed the woman, as she left the court-room.

How many others have cherished such illusions!

A MOTHER'S HEROISM.

She Dispatches a Ferocious Panther in the Wilds of Texas.

The wife of Morris Kapper, a ranchman owning an extensive place near here, says a letter from Harrold, Tex., had an adventure with a large female panther, in which the lady succeeded in killing the animal with a hoe. Her husband had requested her on leaving the house at dinner to send him some medicine, which he was taking at regular intervals, when these intervals occurred, which she did, dispatching her son, a boy of nine or ten, to his father, who was employed in his vegetable garden, situated about three hundred feet from the house. Her second child, a little girl of three, begged several times to go instead of her brother, so in the cool of the evening Mrs. Kapper, to gratify the child, sent her instead with the medicine.

The mother afterward following the trail, which was perfectly distinct, soon came upon a panther dragging the child by its little dress along the ground, but the weight prevented the animal from going faster than a walk; so, without its detecting her she ran back and caught up the hoe that her husband had left in the garden and returned. The panther had then dropped the child, but was still standing over it, and on seeing Mrs. Kapper began to snarl, showing its pointed teeth.

She ran up to it, when it again seized its prey in its teeth, but the heroic lady tore her child from its grasp, and putting it behind her, met the panther as it rushed at her, infuriated at the loss of its booty, with a blow of the hoe, which missing the head, yet severed its left ear from it. The panther paused in its attack on her and began to try and reach the wound with its mouth, screaming and tearing up the earth. Mrs. Kapper then brought the hoe down on its head with such force as to crush its skull, and the next moment the animal lay dead at her feet.

MEN TO BEWARE OF.

New Rules Based on the Observations of a Chicago Business-Man.

Samuel W. King, at the head of one of the largest legal collection concerns in the country, has met and seen every type of man. From his observations, says the Chicago Tribune, he has made the following deductions, had them printed, and hung in his office:

MEN TO BEWARE OF.

Beware of the man who "swears by all the gods at once," or one at a time, for that matter.

Of the man who slaps you between the shoulders and call you "old man." No amount of familiarity is any excuse for this.

Of the man who hyphenates his words with "er-a."

Of the man whose first salutation is, "What's the news?"

Of the man who asks you, when he has seen you speak to another, "Who's your friend?"

Of the man who asks you, "Where did you get it?"

Of the man who in leaving says, "See you later."

Of the man who pokes you in the ribs when he is talking.

Of the man who adjusts the lapel of your coat or rubs one sleeve, or both, when he is talking to you.

Of the man who talks to you on your train, or on a street-car, when he never saw you before, unless there is a public crisis. Victor Hugo says that such salutations show public anxiety, and are only excusable when there is public excitement.

Sensible fellow, that Hugo.

Of a man who occupies a whole table in the writing-room of a hotel.

Of the man who can't get out of a chair without kicking from under him.

Of the man who drops into a drug store to look up a name in the directory and hangs on to the book as if it were a new novel when he sees three or four others waiting to look up names.

Of the man who stands at the box-office of a theater when there is a crowd back of him, talking about best seats and other topics.

The woman who will do this is no better. She isn't as good as a man.

Finally—beware of the man who comes but never goes, and of his companion picture, the man who starts to go but doesn't.

JOB :: PRINTING.

THE FREEMAN

Printing Office

Is the place to get your

JOB PRINTING

Promptly and satisfactorily executed. We will meet the prices of all honorable competion, We don't do any but first-class work and want a living price for it.

With Fast Presses and New Type

We are prepared to turn out Job Printing of every discription in the FINEST STYLE and at the very

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SOME FAMOUS HYMNS.

Nearly All Great Religious Songs the Result of Inspiration.

It is more true, perhaps, of hymns than of any form of poetry that they owe their origin to some sudden inspiration that seldom is repeated, says the Chicago Tribune. The great "Te Deum," that pean of Christianity, is said to have been first sung at the baptism of St. Augustine. Certain it is that it was the first hymn which Columbus and his sailors sang when they set foot on the New World and planted the flag of Spain.

Thomas di Celano, a scholar of St. Francis, of Assisi, wrote "Dies Irae." One of the best versions in English is that of Lord Roscommon, who died with two lines of it on his lips.

The "Veni, Sonate Spiritus" came from King Robert, of France.

They still show in Cornwall those features of the landscape which proved an inspiration to Wesley. He wrote many hymns, however, and this article has to do only with those who were obscure and had but one or two great moments of inspiration.

"Rock of Ages," a hymn which has been a great comfort to Christians, was written by Augustus Toplady in 1778. The author's life was a troubled one; his creed underwent changes; his temper was fiery. The better part of his nature seems to have blossomed forever in this hymn.

Bishop Heber wrote much besides the missionary hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountain;" but it is by that that he will be chiefly remembered.

Joseph Hart, a native of London, where he was born in 1712, was the author of "Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy."

Sir Walter Shirley, an English Knight and preacher, who died in 1796, composed the beautiful hymn, known as "Sweet the Moments Rich in Blessing."

Dr. Timothy Dwight, one of the early presidents of Yale, wrote many ponderous and learned works on theology; but the reason why he will be longer remembered than many another theologian is that he was the author of "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord."

"Nearer! My God, to Thee" was composed by Sarah Fuller Flower. She married a civil engineer named Adams in 1834. She died in 1849 at the age of forty-four, and lies buried near Harlow, in Essex.

John Keble, the eminent English divine, wrote many learned volumes. He lives in the affections of his countrymen, however, as the author of "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear."

"Just as I Am, Without One Plea" was written by Miss Charlotte Elliott, of Clapham, Eng. How she came to compose it was curious. A clergyman asked her one day if she were a Christian. She replied that she felt unworthy to approach the Lord. "But come just as you are," suggested the clergyman. The words touched her and she put them in the form by which they are known to Christians all over the world. Miss Elliott died in 1871.

"I Would Not Live Alway" was written fifty years ago by Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg. It is a hymn which has comforted many mourners and given its author a lasting fame.

"Ninety and Nine," a hymn which was a great favorite with Moody and Sankey congregations, was written by Miss Elizabeth C. Clephane, a Scottish lady. Mr. Sankey supplied the music.

The "Lead, Kindly Light" of Dr. John Henry Newman (now Cardinal Newman) was written during a voyage to England. This hymn is said to be a great favorite with Queen Victoria. It seems to be loved equally by all Christian sects. Its venerable author is still living.

The late Matthew Arnold severely criticised those hymns of a Salvation Army order in which, however commendable may have been the intention of the author, the language descends to a vulgar plane. "Bad music and bad poetry in the end are dangerous," said Mr. Arnold. Among hymns that have been degraded to common-place uses is the "Sweet By and By." Its history is a curious one:

Prof. Joseph P. Webster, the author of the music, was at times subject to deep melancholy. Entering his office one day in one of his blue fits his partner, Bennett, asked him:

"What is the matter now?"

"No matter," was the answer; "it will be all right in the sweet by and by."

"Sweet by and by!" echoed Bennett. "That's a good sentiment for a hymn. I'll try it."

He turned to his desk, wrote three stanzas rapidly, and handed them to Webster. The latter was surprised and moved. He immediately made a draft of a musical staff and began to fill it with notes.

"Bennett," he said, "I've set music to your words; come, let us sing it."

And in a few weeks, throughout the length and breath of the country, old and young were singing "Sweet By and By."

ROUTED BY GRASSHOPPERS.

A Flock of Turkeys Put to Flight by the Voracious Insects.

Farmer James C. Fairchild, of the Upper Paupack region, asserted to a Scranton (Pa.) correspondent of the New York Sun that he had never known grasshoppers to be as thick in this place as they have been during August. In a three-acre field of late rye the insects were so numerous that they ate all the blades off the stalks and sucked all the juice out of them before the crop was ripe. One day Farmer Fairchild left his white vest at the edge of the lot, and when he went to put it on at night he found that the grasshoppers had eaten hundreds of holes in it. The grasshoppers seemed to increase several fold each day in that particular field, and it appeared to him as though they came out of the ground nearly full grown.

As soon as the rye was put into the barn, he turned the turkeys into the stubble. A high stone wall surrounds the lot, and the turkeys drove the hoards of grasshoppers ahead of them, and gobbled up what they wanted. One day the turkeys drove apparently millions of the insects into a corner of the field. They couldn't get over the wall or through it, and several bushels of the grasshoppers, Farmer Fairchild declared, turned upon his flock of turkeys and came within an ace of swamping them. The fowls were completely covered with grasshoppers, and the insects kept coming at them so thick and fast that the turkeys finally took to their legs and wings and went squalling toward the center of the lot as though something had scared them half to death.

After a little, one of the gobblers rallied the flock and led them back to the corner. He gobbled a number of times on the way and the other tom turkeys marched abreast of him and gobbled defiantly at the grasshoppers, the hens bringing up the rear and talking saucily as they marched. Well, up toward the corner of the field the flock spread out, and in a moment innumerable wings were buzzing toward the wall. Pretty soon the grasshoppers were as thick in the corner as they had been before. There wasn't room for them all, and again they turned upon the turkeys and the turkeys turned tail in an instant, skedaddled across the lot and flew over the bars into the roadway. The fowls had plainly been badly scared by the grasshoppers, and since then Farmer Fairchild has been unable to get his turkeys to stay in the rye field for ten minutes at a time.

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FED TO CANNIBALS.

Horrible Fate of Four Sailors on the Solomon Islands.

A letter from Captain Woodhouse, who has charge of a trading schooner, the Emma Fisher, belonging to Messrs Kelly & Williams, of Sydney, was received in town yesterday, giving brief particulars of the perpetration of some further atrocities on traders, and the practice of cannibalism by the natives of one of the Solomon Islands. The particulars to hand are that the Emma Fisher had fallen in company with the schooner Enterprise, of Sydney, from which it was gleaned that the boat-steerer, an A. B. on board the Enterprise named Nelson, had been killed and eaten, together with three others—natives. Nelson is given as a native of Norway, a man of about thirty years of age, and possessing some years' experience in the island trade. The massacre would seem to have been premeditated.

Nelson bears the reputation here of being a well-conducted man, and had always appeared to be, and was, in fact, on the best terms with the Solomon Islanders at the places periodically called at by the schooner Enterprise. From the information to hand it appears that the natives came off, as is customary, from (it is believed) Hammond Island, near Rubiam, in the Solomon group, and represented that they wanted to dispose of some copra.

Nelson and three of the native crew on board the Enterprise were thus induced to land in the schooner's boat, and proceeded up to the village at which the copra was reported to be stored.

While in the act of stooping to pick a handful of the copra up, Nelson was, it is stated, felled by a blow on the back of the head from an axe or tomahawk, and before his crew of three native "boys" could regain the boat they were similarly massacred. The bodies were roasted and eaten.

The letter received from Captain Woodhouse further mentions that her Majesty's ship Royalist had visited the group, and Captain Hand, upon hearing the particulars of the murders, shelled the villages at which the perpetrators were reported to have taken refuge.

The letter also contains particulars of the trial and sentence of a Solomon Island chief named Johnson, the native name Sono. Johnson was taken some time since by the Royalist for the murder of a European belonging to Sydney named Thomas Datelle, and various inquiries have been made as to what had been done with him. From Captain Woodhouse's letter it is ascertained that after fully investigating the charge against the semi-civilized savage Johnson was taken to Motu and there hanged. As to the continuous outrages committed by the natives of the Solomon Islands, some inquiry was made recently from one or two of the old traders who are at present in Sydney.

Captain Cable, a well-known ship-master, trading out of this port, says that skull-hunting is as ripe as it ever was with many of the tribes. He also mentions as an incident in point that a number of "boys" (natives) in the employ of white men, on the occasion of the massacre, and who were present when the murdered men were receiving a Christain burial, protested among themselves that they should be permitted to use the bodies for food. Cannibalism, according to all that can be learned, still exists to a terrible extent, and the cruelty and barbarism still perpertaed by the natives among their own people is reported to be almost incredible at some of the islands in the Solomon group.—Sydney (Australia) Herald.

HER STEAMER FRIEND.

How a St. Paul Woman Acquired Some Worldly Wisdom.

A well-known St. Paul woman, who, not long ago made a "little journey in the world," came back with some worldly wisdom as to the indiscriminate making of friends that she had never had before, says the New York Evening Sun. It came about in this way. Her "little journey" was across the water, and while on the homeward-bound ship she found herself one day engaged in the most animated and pleasing conversation with a man who sat near her chair on the deck. There was something wonderfully pleasing in his personality; he was evidently a person of culture, and with a wonderful fund of knowledge at his command. His entire bearing toward her was one of such exquisite tact and deference that the two soon became warm friends, and spent long hours each day exchanging opinions upon all kinds of impersonal topics. By and by, just before the steamship reached New York, it transpired that the man, himself still unknown, had known all along who the lady was and where her home was. When she asked him in surprise how he could have known her he answered briefly: "I am a St. Paul man myself." This gave the kindly little woman an opportunity. "Then my husband and I will be glad to see you any time in our home," she said cordially.

"Pardon me, madam," he answered frankly, "we have been friends on board the steamship. But when we return to St. Paul neither you nor your husband would receive me in your home, and you would be fully justified. I beg you will you will not ask the reason."

And she did not. But when a few hours later her husband met her on the pier and she pointed her late friend out to him with the whispered story he answered slowly: "Well, he has behaved like a gentleman, and I won't thrash him. But he was quite right in what he said. He is one of the best known confidence men in the United States."

LEANED ON HIS LUCK.

And Thirty Cents Came to Him Just in the Nick of Time.

"I had a most extraordinary piece of luck last Sunday," remarked a young broker to a New York Tribune reporter a day or two ago, "and for it I have been thanking a kind Providence ever since. I invited a girl cousin to go down to Long Beach for the afternoon, take supper there and return in the early evening. After we started I discovered that I had somehow brought only $1.90 with me. I had one railroad ticket, but with another required, two suppers, car fares and ferriage, figure as I wanted, I was just about twenty cents short. It was one of those horrible cases of smiling and joking without, and a sort of whited sepulcher within, wondering wildly how to pull through.

"We reached the beach, and I was revolving the plan of throwing myself on the mercy of the clerk and offering a check, when we stopped in on our stroll along shore to examine some shells and seaweed, when blamed if lying right at my feet wasn't thirty cents—a quarter and a nickel.

"I stooped down and picked them up in a hurry.

"'What have you found?' asked my companion.

"'A little silver,' I said, carelessly.

"'Oh, how lovely. How much?'

"'Only thirty cents,' I said, as though I was disappointed at not finding a bag of it. I wasn't disappointed. Never was so happy in my life. It was just enough to pull me through, and I reached home with ten cents, but I tell you it don't do to lean on your luck like that every day."

—Will—"What can she see in me to love? Ah! well, love is blind, they say." Bill—"She loves you. I believe love is blind, extremely so."—Yankee Blade.

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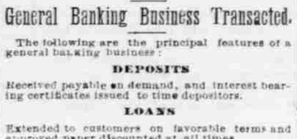

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CURIOUS BIRD STORIES.

How a Partridge Was Killed by a Railroad Train.

A Sparrow In a Thunder-Storm—Excitement Caused in a Church by a Night Hawk—Friendship Between a Rooster and a Dog.

A few days since, writes the Norwich (Conn.) correspondent of the New York Sun, a partridge that was cleaving the air in swift flight across a break in the forest along the Air Line Railway in Windham County, performed an odd trick on an express train that was extremely unfortunate for the bird. The four p. m. express train was a trifle late coming into Pomfret village, and was running at lightning speed, when the partridge essayed to cross over the track in front of the locomotive. Both the bird and rushing engine were following the legs of an acute triangle to its apex on the railroad line, but the partridge underestimated the speed of the train, which reached the apex a second in advance. The heavy bird struck the express car, in which Sam Dikeman,